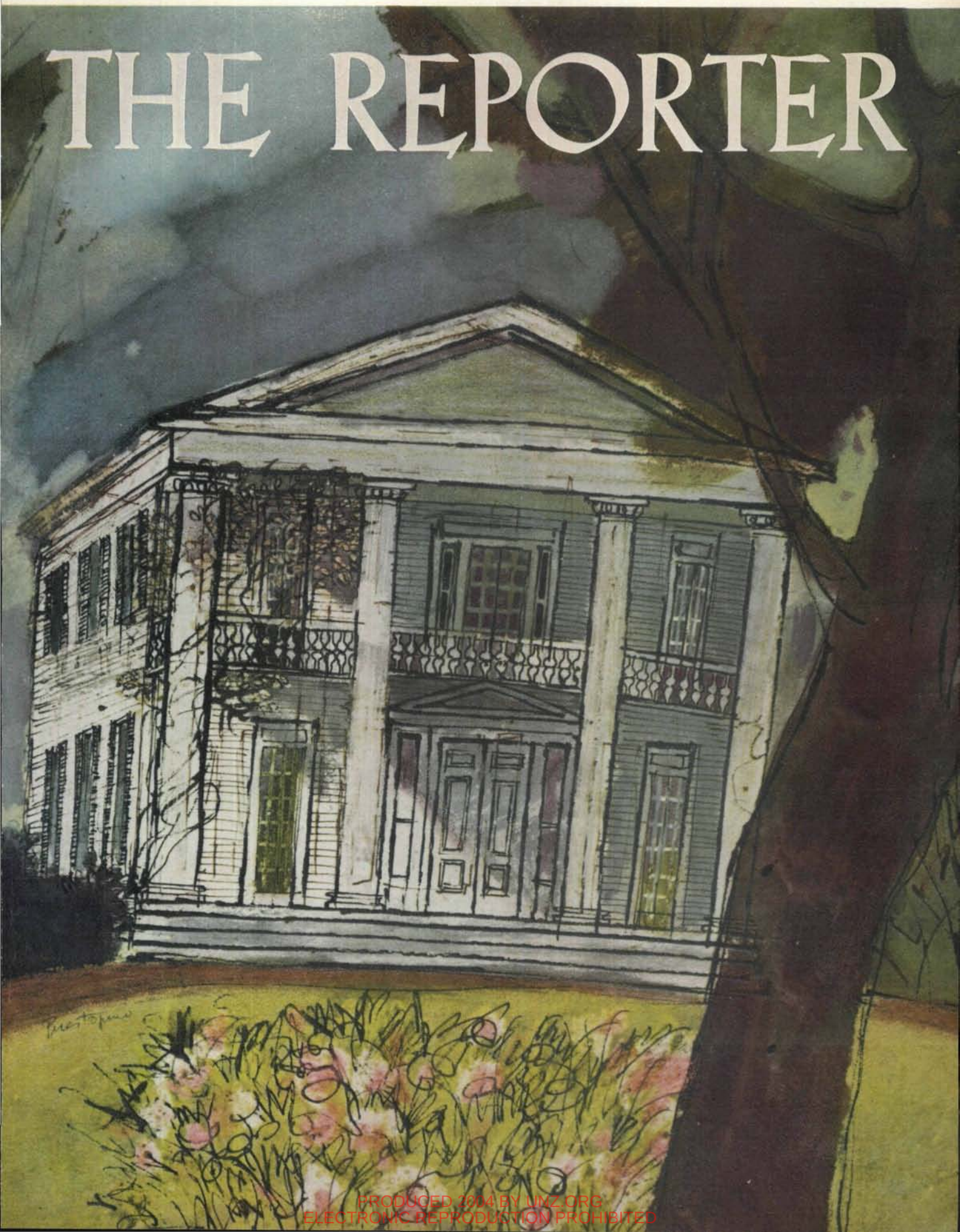
New Tests for the South

CDC October 7, 1965 35¢

NO CHANGE IN GERMANY

THE REPORTER



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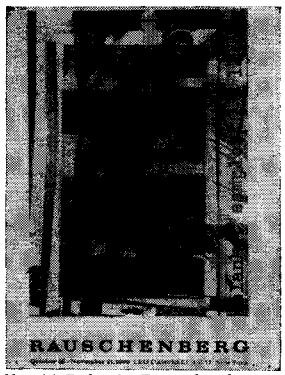
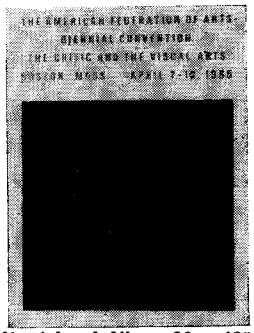
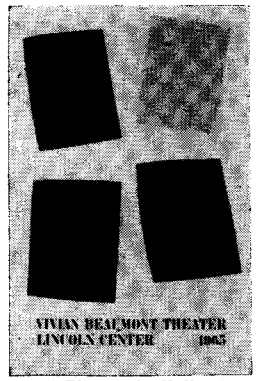
green, fuchsia, yellow, orange



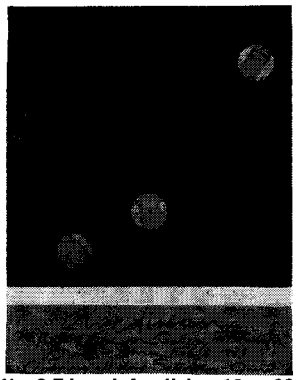
No. 11 Robert Rauschenberg
25 x 38″ blue, yellow, orange



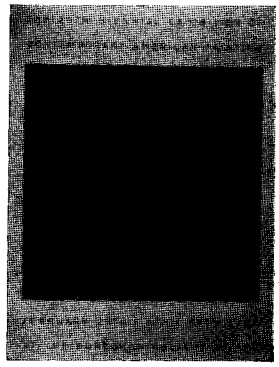
No. 1 Josef Albers 30 x 40″
purple-blue, blue-green, green



No. 18 Ellsworth Kelly 35 x 46″
red, yellow, blue, green



No. 3 Edward Avedisian 18 x 22″
blue, green



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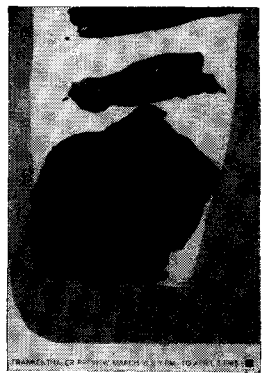
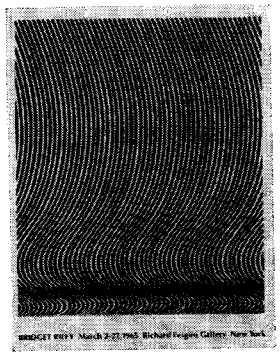


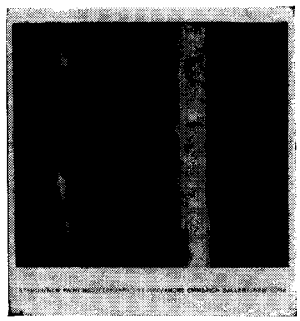
No. 6 Helen Frankenthaler
18 x 24″ yellow, blue, orange

No. 16 Andy Warhol 25 x 28″
red, black, green, pink



No. 12 Bridget Riley 17 x 21″
black, white

No. 9 Roy Lichtenstein 21 x 29″
yellow, maroon, black



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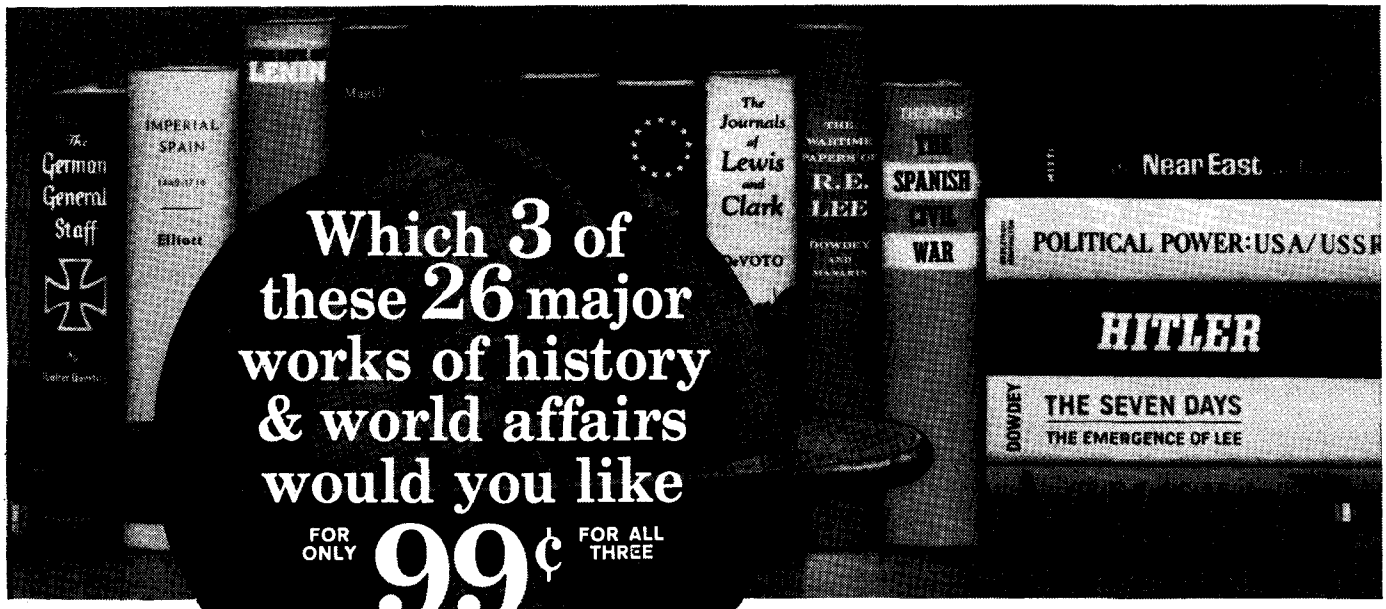

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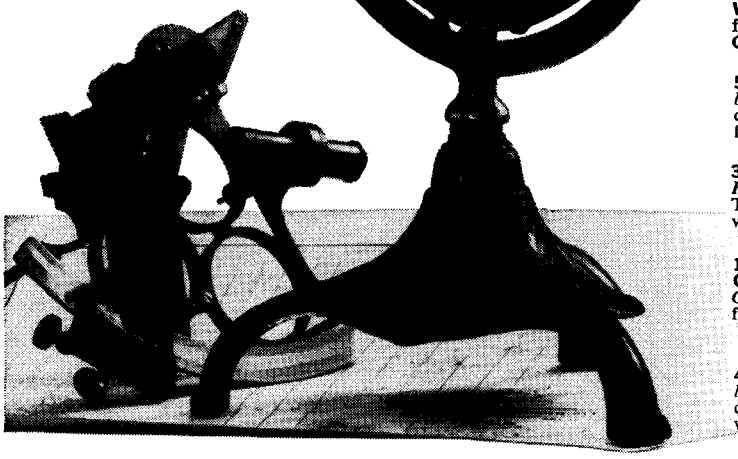

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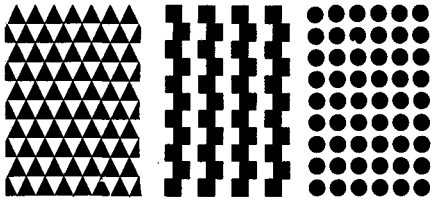

Christmas cards for today from The Museum of Modern Art

These cards celebrate the holiday season through the art of our own time. This year, some new cards reproduce favorite works in the Museum Collection, while others have been specially commissioned from contemporary artists including Anuszkiewicz, Goodyear, Indiana, Neal, Warhol, Wells, Wen-Ying, and Youngerman. They range from a whimsical Calder drawing of Skating Animals (10¢) to a cardboard construction by Mon Levinson (issued in a limited edition at $1.00, and actually as much a Christmas gift as a Christmas card). The Museum's Christmas brochure describes and illustrates the cards; also includes information on other Museum publications and a special Christmas gift membership form. The 25¢ price can be deducted from any order amounting to over $5.00.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ON SEPTEMBER 15, Senator Fulbright made a speech sharply critical of the administration's Dominican policy that still has people talking. The speech can be divided into two parts; one general, on how we should foster revolution in Latin America; in the other he accused the President of faulty judgment in Santo Domingo—because of misinformation, to be sure. Our magazine has been in favor of the President's policy and **Max Ascoli** gives his reaction to the first part of the speech. The answer to the second part will have to await history.

AT THE recent conference of Southern governors at Sea Island, Georgia, considerable time was devoted to belittling the effects of the 1964 Voting Rights Act. This was only partly whistling in the dark. Governor George Wallace was on solid ground when he observed: "In Alabama, there are 491,000 whites above the age of twenty-one who are not registered, and there are only 471,000 Negroes over the age of twenty-one in the state—counting both those who are registered and those who are not." The point is that the Voting Rights Act is not going to change the South overnight. The day of the militants is passing and the job of implementing the new law will now largely be in the hands of men like the dedicated Negro politicians **Paul Good** describes. Mr. Good is a Northern reporter who has been covering the civil-rights story for several years from a base in Atlanta. . . . The drive to attract industry is second only to civil rights as a theme of the changing South. In addition to the incentives of cheap labor and traditional hostility to unions, the Southern states are offering tax concessions and publicly financed plants. According to **Bill Kovach** of the Nashville *Tennessean*, the lure of quick profits has brought a new kind of carpetbagger to the region, the owner of "runaway" plants from the North whose cheap operations and collusion with local authorities depress the Southern economy instead of stimulating it.

The German voters have concluded that nothing succeeds like success and have continued the architect of German prosperity, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, in office. The one surprise—the unexpected margin of the Christian Democratic victory—was largely the result of proportional representation in a prosperous country. **George Bailey** covered the elections in Bonn. . . . The most contentious note contributed to the German campaign was Konrad Adenauer's attack on the U.S. draft for a treaty to prevent nuclear proliferation. The seventeen-nation conference in Geneva was an exercise in the hypothetical: protracted debate on rules to govern actions which none of the nuclear powers intend to take anyway and which would not keep would-be nuclear nations from fulfilling their ambitions. **Norman Moss** is the North American Newspaper Alliance correspondent in London. . . . From the country most enthusiastically carrying out the programs of the Alliance for Progress, Colombia has become one of the most sorely beset by economic and political instability. **Richard Eder,** who until recently visited Bogotá regularly as a correspondent of the New York *Times,* is now a member of the paper's Washington staff. . . . It takes a heap of remodeling to make a quaint old Vermont farmhouse a home, and, according to **Vic Maerki,** a columnist on the Burlington *Free Press,* it has taken a heap of reapportioning to bring the state's legislature into line with the Supreme Court ruling. . . . **Denis Warner** continues his reportage on the breakup of Malaysia with a visit to the disaffected states of Sabah and Sarawak in Borneo.

THROUGHOUT his distinguished career as a public servant and lawyer, **Dean Acheson's** creative and original mind has found an artistic outlet in articles and fiction. We have derived a special pleasure from bringing his writing to our readers, who are invited to make their own interpretation of his intriguing parable. His *Morning and Noon: A Memoir* will be published this month by Houghton Mifflin. . . . **Chad Walsh,** who has devised a new form he calls the circular sonnet, is chairman of the Department of English at Beloit College, Wisconsin. . . . **John Nagenda,** a native of Uganda, has been published in anthologies both in East Africa and in England. . . . *The Possible Worlds of Fernando Krahn,* a gathering of our cartoonist's commentaries without words, has just been published by Dutton. . . . **George Steiner** is a Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge. . . . **Gore Vidal,** the novelist, playwright, and critic, is currently living in Rome. . . . **Anatole Broyard** teaches writing at the New School in New York.

Our Southern cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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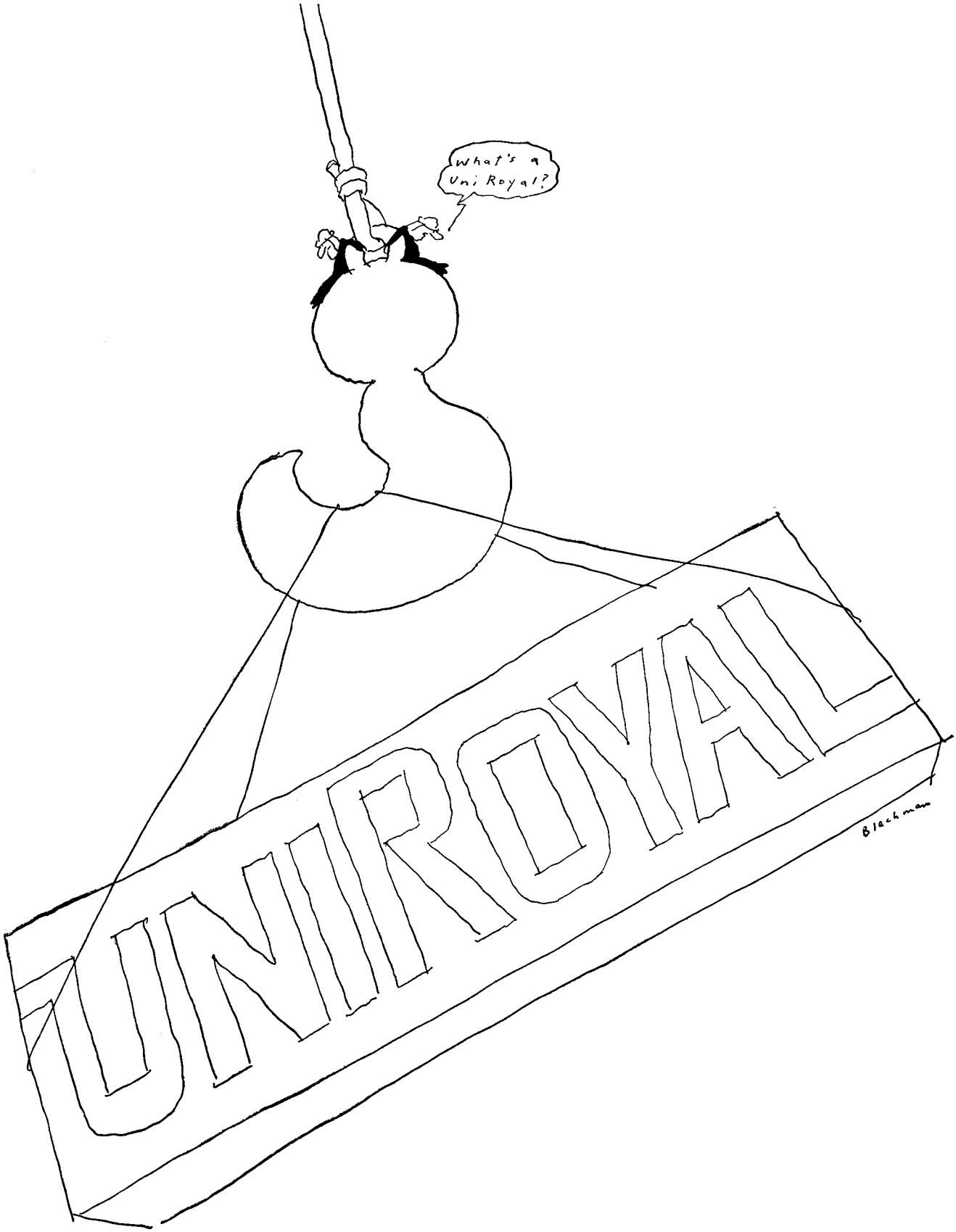

About 18 months ago, the U.S. Rubber Company took a good look at itself in the mirror, and said:

"You know what?

"I look like U.S. Rubber. They call me *U.S. Rubber. But deep down, I've changed.* I don't feel like U.S. Rubber any more."

What U.S. Rubber feels like today is a company that's doing exciting work in chemicals, plastics, fibers and footwear, as well as in synthetic rubber.

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U.S. Rubber feels like its exciting new Vyrene® spandex elastic fiber, which has nothing to do with rubber.

It feels like its sexy high-fashion Eskiloos® boots, which have little or nothing to do with rubber.

It feels like its revolutionary thermoplastic auto body material, Royalex,® which is tougher than steel and lighter than aluminum. Never rusts or rots. And if dented, pops back to shape when heated!

Even in tires, U.S. Rubber feels less and less like rubber. The most significant new tire material it is working with is a synthetic: Royalene,® "the crackless rubber."

What the U.S. Rubber Company really feels like today is a . . . a UniRoyal. Which will henceforth be its new trade-mark all over the world.

Now you know what a UniRoyal is. And why.

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More than half the 46 Chemical Stocks covered by Value Line now offer prospects for Appreciation Potentiality *greater* than the average gains expected of all 1100 stocks that Value Line covers.

(Appreciation Potentiality represents the gap between a stock's current price and its potential market value—based on Value Line's estimates of future earnings—in the period 3 to 5 years hence.)

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CORRESPONDENCE

NEGRO UNEMPLOYMENT

To the Editor: The September 9 issue of *The Reporter* reached me on the day the Labor Department announced that the unemployment rate among Negroes had dropped sharply in August to 7.6 per cent of the labor force. If Daniel Patrick Moynihan had waited a little longer, he simply could not have written "Behind Los Angeles: Jobless Negroes & the Boom."

His error was in using one month's statistics to try to prove that Negroes are not benefiting from the general boom. July was clearly a statistical aberration, and the Labor Department is careful to say that one month's figures for a subgroup of the population are not reliable. Mr. Moynihan should surely know this.

The facts, based on the employment and unemployment trends over a number of months, are as follows:

1. In the past year Negro unemployment has fallen faster than white unemployment.

2. Negro unemployment is now less than twice white unemployment for the first time in years. This is true starting with the second quarter of this year.

3. Negroes are benefiting like everyone else from the general expansion of the economy.

No one claims that the Negro jobless problem is not serious. But it is simply inaccurate to argue, as Mr. Moynihan does, that it cannot be alleviated by general economic expansion. It has been.

EDWIN L. DALE, JR.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Moynihan replies:

It is quite true that the nonwhite unemployment rate (there is no Negro rate as such) dropped sharply in August, just as it had jumped sharply in July. The rate has been declining over recent months. However, the ratio of nonwhite to white unemployment continued at two to one for the first eight months of 1965, which was specifically stated in the BLS release of the August data.

I would add a point that I believe no one has yet commented upon. In August the number of persons enrolled in the Neighborhood Youth Corps reached almost a quarter million. (This is the little-publicized but immensely effective partner of the Job Corps.) One hundred thousand, more or less, of these youths were Negro. There is little evidence that they would have been employed were it not for the NYC. Had they added to the number of jobless, the consequent unemployment rate for August, particularly for teen-agers, would have been startling even to this country. It is a clear fact that these young persons did not find work in the job market but rather in the poverty program, a program that exists largely in response to the thesis that the unemployment prob-

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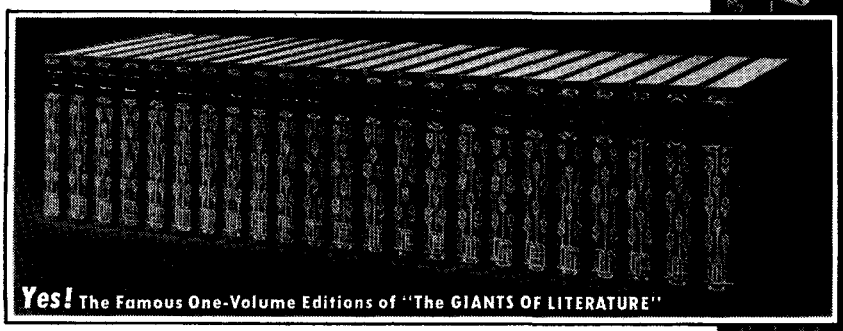

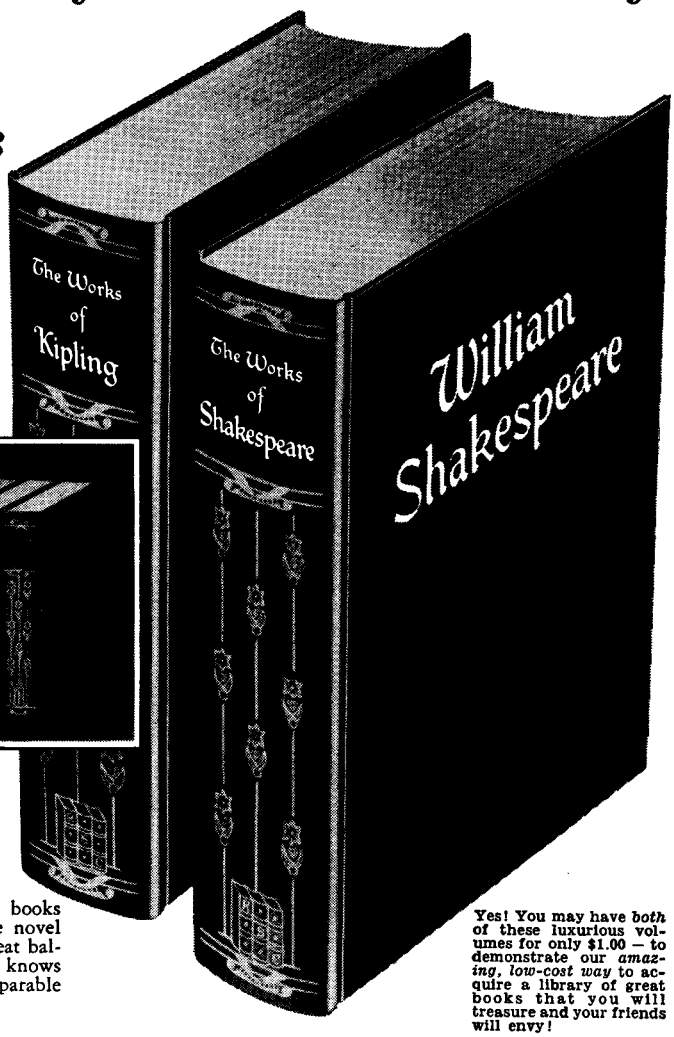

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lem will not be solved solely by economic growth.

TALKING TURKEY

To the Editor: I was very much interested in Claire Sterling's "Ankara: Inönü Looks Left" (*The Reporter*, September 9). There are several significant points I should like to clarify.

The Sterling synthesis underestimates the significance of the economic factors in the current situation. America's aid program to Turkey has been dominated by political and military considerations, while the Turks view the entire question of foreign aid as essentially economic. America has given the Turks what amounts to a subsidy, not because their international payments have been out of balance or because their agriculture has been in need of mechanization, but because they are our political allies.

The recent increase in commercial agreements between Turkey and the Soviet Union is one of economic necessity for the Turks because of their lack of foreign exchange and of credit in the West. This does not represent a categorical change in Turkish foreign policy, but rather an expansion in degree and direction. The current developments, like Mustapha Kemal's policy of *étatism*, are not the result of an ideology but rather of national expediency. This point was emphasized recently when the editor of Istanbul's daily *Dünya* stated that the amelioration of Soviet-Turkish relations was acceptable as long as the Turks ". . . always remain an ally of the United States and in NATO."

Despite the economic achievements since the collapse of the Menderes régime, Turkey's economic advances have fallen short of the desired goals. It was on the issue of the budget that Inönü was forced to give way to the present caretaker government. The political problem facing Turkish economic planners is that costs of economic growth appear long before benefits. In a country where three-fourths of the population is illiterate, the planners have a difficult task in finding means of impressing the voters. This is the problem that both the Republican and Justice Parties will encounter in the October elections.

STANISLAUS J. MARKIEWICZ
Brooklyn

APPALACHIA'S PAINS

To the Editor: Don Oberdorfer's probing analysis of the Congressional trend toward a New Regionalism ("The Proliferating Appalachias," *The Reporter*, September 9) will no doubt be misunderstood by those who cannot or will not differentiate between criticism and opposition. Certainly we must seek regional solutions to regional problems. Certainly there are other areas besides Appalachia that are desperately in need of massive Federal assistance. And certainly the congressmen in these other areas had every right, indeed every re-

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sponsibility, to protect the interests of their own constituents.

What Mr. Oberdorfer was trying to point out, however, is simply that Congress has expanded, perhaps beyond recall, a multimillion-dollar concept that has not even been tested in Appalachia itself.

SANFORD RICHARDS
Cincinnati

To the Editor: I felt that Don Oberdorfer demonstrated too great a pessimism as to the competency of the individuals who will be selected by the President to administer the Appalachian program. He also leaves the impression that the principal sponsors of Title V were motivated solely by greed. I think this is an unfair characterization of senators like Pat McNamara, Gaylord Nelson, Fred Harris, and Ed Muskie, who spent an inordinate amount of time in paragraph-by-paragraph analysis of this legislation with an eye towards the goal that areas not now making a maximum contribution to the national economy can be put into the position of making such a contribution.

The fundamental rationale for development regions is completely ignored in the article. Simply, it is that the regional commissions will undertake those projects which no state can do by itself or without the concurrence of an adjoining state.

RON M. LINTON, Chief Clerk
Senate Committee on Public Works
Washington, D. C.

THE BLACKBOARD JUMBLE

To the Editor: I have read very carefully Barbara Carter's "The Teachers Give Oklahoma a Lesson" (*The Reporter*, September 9) and was impressed with its clarity and accuracy. We think she did a very fine job in reporting the situation as it actually is in Oklahoma.

FERMAN PHILLIPS
Executive Secretary
Oklahoma Education Association
Oklahoma City

To the Editor: Oklahoma's voters approved on September 14 an amendment permitting local school districts to vote an additional ten-mills tax for their schools. This will be added to a whopping twenty-five per cent increase in school funds granted by the Oklahoma legislature and an extra $15 million annually from Washington.

Organized labor took the lead in seeking voter approval of this record-breaking financial support for Oklahoma education, while the Oklahoma Education Association did nothing. Now we call on the OEA and the National Education Association to quit pouting, remove sanctions, and tell the world what is really happening in Oklahoma.

HENRY LIKES, Secretary-Treasurer
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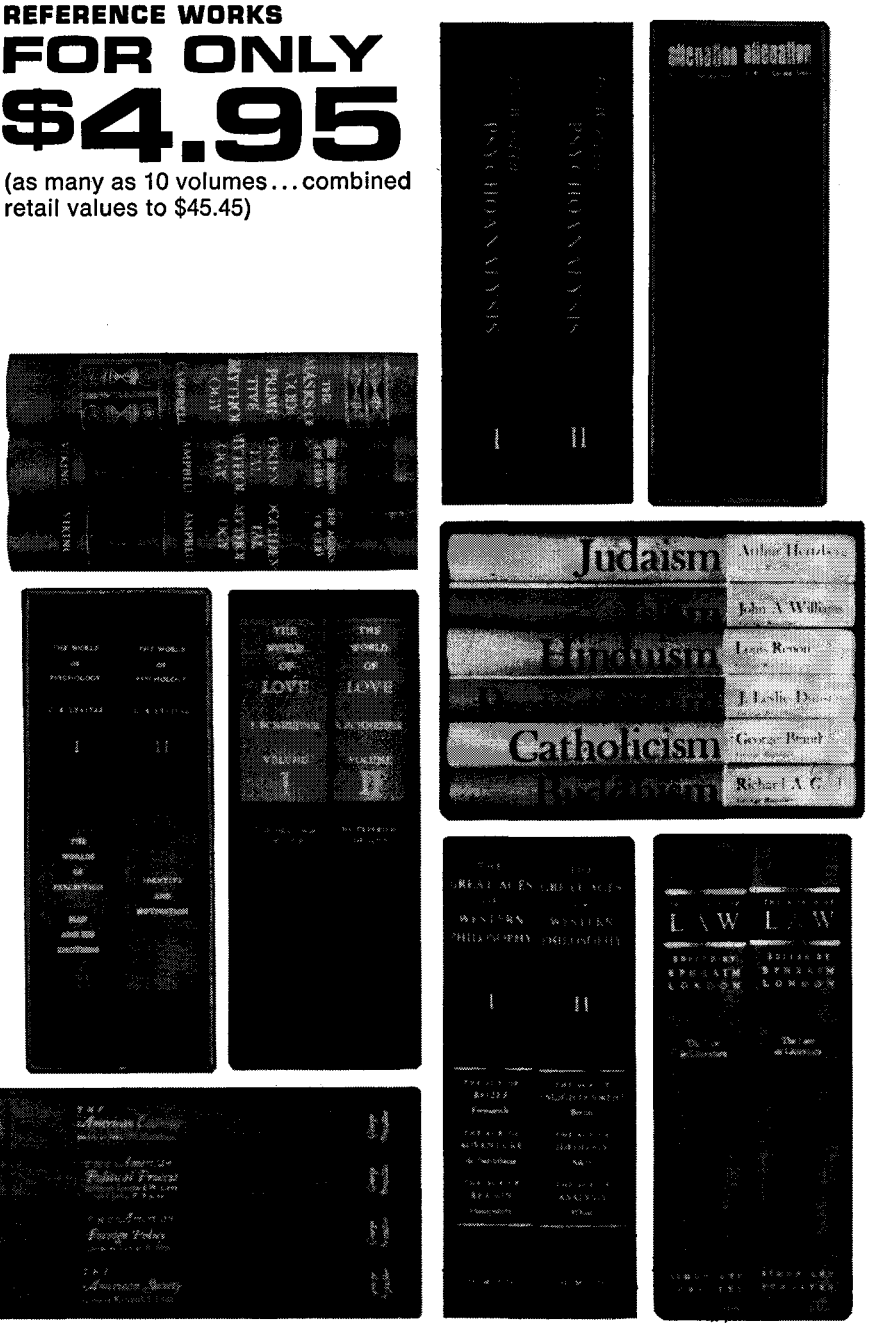

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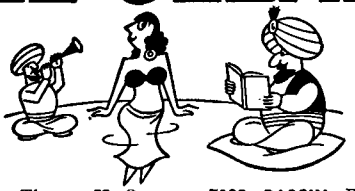

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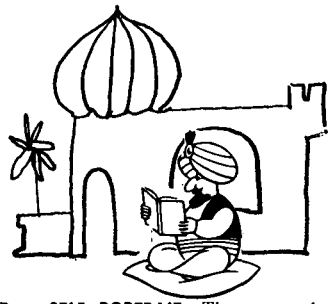

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First Report from India

EDMOND TAYLOR

NEW DELHI

THE newly arrived traveler who has followed the course of the Indian-Pakistani conflict in the western press finds himself steeled against nearly every shock except that of his first direct contact with Indian reality. If the mood of New Delhi is representative of the country generally, as many observers here believe it is, the Indian reaction to the cease-fire seems particularly disconcerting. India shares the relief and satisfaction of the nations that rejoice over the cease-fire; as in New York or London, in all press comment the congratulatory note prevails. The difference is that the Indian journalists are congratulating not the United Nations but their own army, which they think taught the Pakistanis a salutary lesson. Their satisfaction comes from their conviction of having administered a lesson, and their relief from having driven it home just in time before the conflict developed into something much bigger and uglier.

Yet the Indians don't appear to still be in the grip of war fever or to be intoxicated with their own victory. Neither are they filled with fratricidal hatred for their recent adversaries. Indeed, one of the most amazing things is the relative serenity with which the more responsible Indian papers discuss the conflict. While most official and journalistic balance sheets drawn up since the cease-fire give due prominence to the practical results achieved in nearly three weeks of sometimes savage fighting—strategic positions occupied and enemy armor put out of action—the chief stress is elsewhere. "Militarily," says the *Indian Express*, "the campaign, though we inevitably suffered losses in men, matériel, and equipment, was a tonic not only to our fighting forces but to our people." The top-priority Indian war aim, such comments seem to imply, was simply to show that India was not afraid to fight when provoked and was able to give a good account of itself on the battlefield.

Weird as it may sound, experienced foreign observers here believe that the violent Indian reaction to the original Pakistani act of belligerency in Kashmir in August stemmed more than anything else from the sense of national humiliation the Indians have been suffering since their defeat at the hands of the Chinese in 1962. The gibes of Pakistani psychological warfare and what seemed to India the insolent goadings of the Pakistani forces, first in the Rann of Cutch and then in Kashmir, were taken by the hypersensitive Indians as a challenge to their national manliness.

WARS to prove one's manliness are considered anachronistic in the West. But the Chinese and Pakistani humiliations and sneers were a threat to India's nationhood as well. In repeatedly—and, as it seemed to the Indians, systematically—making the Indian government and the Indian Army lose face, the Chinese Communists and Pakistanis were in fact undermining the very foundations of India's national unity. The Dravidian disorders in the south last winter, the agitation for a Sikh state in the Punjab, and similar recent developments were symptomatic of the real danger. A successful Pakistani assault upon the Indian position in Kashmir might have proved a major stimulant to the internal forces of disunity. The unity displayed by the nation and by Indian commentators of nearly every stripe in response to what was recognized as an attempt to break up the nation is highly significant. As the *Indian Express* put it, "Our greatest political victory was the unity and steadfastness of the men and women on the home front." Again one gets the impression that the war was both necessary and useful because it fortified the Indian sense of nationhood.

No one can know whether the political and psychological benefits that India has undoubtedly derived from the fighting counterbalance the no less real and substantial strains it has put on the already overtaxed Indian economy—not to mention its cost in terms of human suffering. All that can be said for the moment is that however incredible it may sound, India does seem to have emerged from the ordeal of an apparently futile war as a stronger and in some respects even as a more mature democracy, in which the highminded but somewhat flabby idealism of Nehru has changed into a rather cocky and hard-boiled nationalism.

For the present at least, this new Indian nationalism shows few signs of getting out of control. Probably because of the knowledge of what it owes to other nations, it is still far removed from extremism. One of its most striking manifestations seems to be the newly developed Indian impatience with the fuzzy Third World mythology that flourished here a few years ago. "We've learned where our real friends are," is one of the most recurrent themes in Indian conversation. And the Indians have begun to recognize their real enemies. "Afro-Asian" has become almost a term of abuse, and even Ho Chi Minh is now widely recognized as a firmly committed friend of India's enemies. Red China and China's stooges or apologists abroad are now seen more clearly for what they are than in certain western countries. "The India-China

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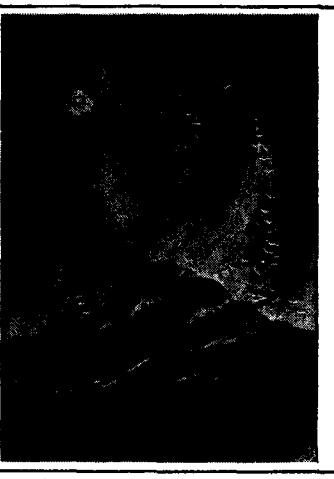

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THE REPORTER

660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021

Friendship Society was allowed to thrive in this country," bitterly recalls the political weekly *Current*. "The slogan 'Hindi-Chini Bhai Bhai' fell like music on some ears." The paper suggests that it is time for the government to question "the desirability of letting the North Vietnam consulate continue to function in New Delhi."

There'll Always Be . . .

The United Nations' Secretary General U Thant, Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg, Ambassador Nikolai T. Fedorenko, and others have reason to be satisfied with the efforts to obtain a cease-fire in Kashmir. But we like to believe that the simple, heartfelt appeal from a small band of sportsmen to contestants in a larger arena, as reported in the London *Daily Telegraph* for September 9, had something to do with it, too:

"The Rest of the World cricketers, among them the Nawab of Pataudi, India's captain, and Hanif Mohammad, the Pakistan batsman, yesterday sent a telegram from Scarborough to Mr. Shastri, the Indian Prime Minister, and President Ayub Khan of Pakistan. It said:

" 'We world cricket team wish express deep regrets at declared war between India, Pakistan. Coming from different countries, backgrounds, races, religions, we find unity on cricket field by reaching for common objective. Fervently hope both countries can meet and find amicable solution.' "

Where Are the New Republicans?

"Our two-party system, so essential to our national well-being, is in considerable danger in our state," said Senator Thomas H. Kuchel, the California Republican. And in full realization of that fact, the man whom progressive Republicans throughout the country had pleaded with to run, the man who every poll said could have been elected governor if he won his own party primary, declared, "I shall not be a candidate for governor of California in next year's election."

Kuchel's "No" was the latest and most saddening bit of evidence that

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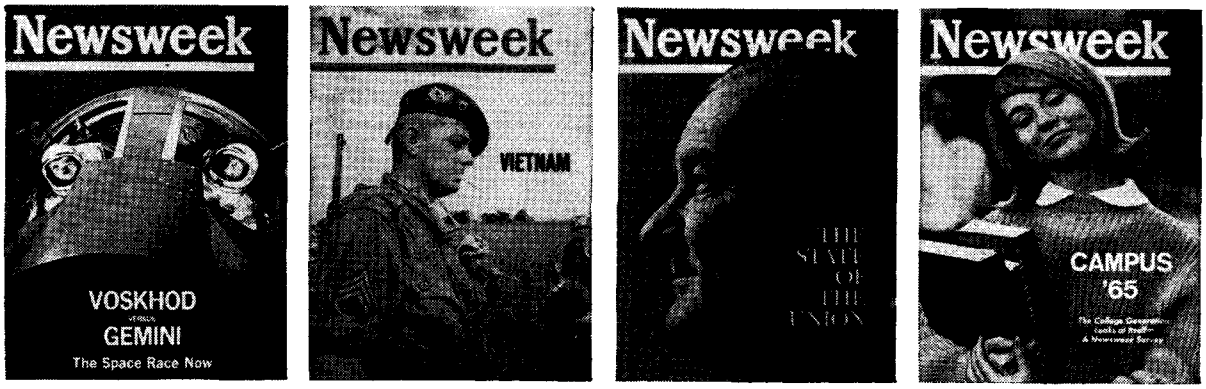

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the leaders of the twentieth-century wing of the Republican Party have little willingness to recoup the 1964 disaster by re-establishing the G.O.P. in some of the major state capitols when it could be done.

Asked to run for either senator or governor, Representative Clark MacGregor of Minnesota says he prefers to stay securely in the House. Charles Percy is backpedaling from the battle in Illinois, as are other once-beaten enlightened Republicans in other states. So far, John Lindsay's example of running for local government in New York City has been highly noncontagious.

The Kuchel walkout is the most significant. California bulks so large in national politics that there is scant hope of restoring sanity to the G.O.P *nationally so long as the* lunatics hold sway there. Kuchel denounced them in extravagant terms as a "fanatical, neo-fascist political cult, overcome by a strange mixture of corrosive hatred and sickening fear." But he didn't say what had overcome him in deciding to leave the task of challenging Ronald Reagan, the conservatives' new white hope, to the likes of George Christopher, the twice-beaten ex-mayor of San Francisco, or Laughlin Waters, or Assemblyman Robert Monagan, two able but unknown moderates. Unless the Republicans snap out of their stupor and somehow convince their best men not to flee from battle, the two-party system in many of our states faces a far from brilliant future.

Interama (Continued)

When we last reported on Dr. Irving E. Muskat, the irrepressible promoter of Miami's superlobby, he had successfully carried his bid for Federal funds for his Inter-America Cultural and Trade Center (Interama) right up to the White House and had arranged for the introduction of a bill in Congress that would commit the U.S. government to spend $15 million on an exhibition. Once that passed, Interama would stand to get another $22 million from the Community Facilities Administration, and the projected $500-million-dollar permanent world's fair on the swamps of Miami would be rolling.

No wonder, then, that Dr. Muskat turned on all his persuasive powers when he testified before committees of both the House and Senate some weeks ago. Or that facts contradicting some of his testimony were buried in the fine print.

For example, Dr. Muskat, who was introduced to the House subcommittee as "the George Washington of Interama" by Representative Claude Pepper of Florida, had something less than Washington's fabled veracity when he said that "Interama owns 1,700 acres of land valued, after development, at between $50 and $60 million."

Documents submitted to the committee and later published show that Interama still must pay Miami $8.5 *million for the land,* and that it would cost upwards of $8.5 million "in development" to reach one appraiser's figure of about $47 million. Other comparisons are instructive:

¶ Muskat testified that, "We have in hand firm commitments for underground electrical and telephone systems . . . at no cost to Interama. The city of North Miami has agreed to provide adequate water distribution and sewage collection at no capital outlay to Interama."

¶ In the printed hearings: A letter from Florida Power & Light Co. states that construction costs of electrical service "will be worked out individually with each contractor. . . ." Southern Bell Telephone stipulated that the cost of relocating telephones "will be fully borne by Interama." And Interama must repay North Miami $100,000 a year for ten years for the city's construction of water facilities and $130,000 a year for ten years for the sewage facility.

The Interama legislation sailed through the House and may well pass the Senate despite an unenthusiastic State Department advisory opinion.

Commenting on State's report, one Senate aide suggested that if creating better relations with Latin America was not reason enough for supporting the legislation, perhaps it just might be worth $15 million to get Dr. Muskat and the Miamians off everyone's back.

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Alexander Pope

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The Men Around LBJ | Henry Moore: Man of Form | America the Beautiful

Reformation: "Chicago"
Three-part series deals with Chicago's urban renewal program.
Sundays, October 3, 10, 17 (10:30-11 AM)

Discovery
The Whaling Years; The Plains Indians; The Gold Rush; Those Talking Porpoises; Discovery Visits the Baird Marionettes.
Sundays, October 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 Noon)

Directions
Jonah; "We See Not Our Signs"; A Shadow of Israel; David and Nathan.
Sundays, October 3, 10, 17, 24 (1-1:30 PM)

I Believe
A graphic portrayal of specialized training given to rehabilitate deaf children.
Sunday, October 3 (1:30-2 PM)

America the Beautiful
Examines the deterioration of the country's natural resources and the urban and suburban blight that has affected our culture and economy. Chet Huntley narrates.
Sunday, October 3 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Henry Moore: Man of Form
The story of the world-famous sculptor and his works. Charles Collingwood reports.
Tuesday, October 5 (10-11 PM)

World Series
Times, games and dates to be announced. Tentatively set to start October 6.

Exploring: Pre-Columbian America
Man's early life on North America.
Saturday, October 16 (12:30-1 PM)

The Making of the President 1964
An account of the primaries, the conventions, and the election of President Johnson, based on Theodore H. White's latest book.
Tuesday, October 19 (9:30-11 PM)

Eagle in a Cage
Dramatization of Napoleon's final exile on the island of St. Helena, starring Trevor Howard.
Wednesday, October 20 (7:30-9 PM)

The Men Around LBJ
A report on the President's cabinet and close associates.
Saturday, October 23 (10:30-11 PM)

Teenage Revolution
A study of today's teenager and his impact on American society. Van Heflin narrates.
Friday, October 29 (10-11 PM)

Miss Teenage America Pageant
Sixty teenage finalists compete for a four-year college scholarship.
Friday, October 29 (10-11:30 PM)

Jimmy Durante Meets the Lively Arts
Jimmy Durante headlines his first special in four years, with Rudolph Nureyev, Roberta Peters and Robert Vaughn.
Saturday, October 30 (9:30-10:30 PM)

The Big Ear
Examines electronic eavesdropping.
Sunday, October 31 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/
Sunrise Semester

Saturdays:
Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/ Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope/ Sports in Action/Scherer-McNeil Report

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/*Camera Three/Face the Nation/* Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/ Frontiers of Faith/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Sunday/ Walt Disney

NOTE: Times (NYT), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 132

by HENRY ALLEN

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DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
202 144 130 220 106 80 8 176 60
72 108 36 24 Kind of politician Mark Antony, Hitler, and Joe McCarthy were (6, 7).

B
12 208 52 98 170 44 Hocked (2, 4).

C
82 14 28 184 62 26 212 104 219 142
172 Jammed together.

D
46 124 94 66 216 194 178 192 74
50 2 Associate of the Acrostician in many of his most successful ventures.

E
84 218 188 152 76 "Not gold, not blood, their ___ dowers, a shilling bar, But votive tears and symbol flowers." Shelley "Hellas."

F
134 92 48 70 18 148 146 Name of world-famous hotel in Singapore.

G
90 224 140 164 54 40 68 "If you want a receipt for that popular mystery, / Known to the world as a heavy _____." W. S. Gilbert, "Patience."

H
6 214 20 126 206 96 150 162 114 Famous canine actor (3, 3, 3).

I
42 112 158 7 120 56 182 34 "An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange / For Deity____." Burns, "Epistle to a Young Friend."

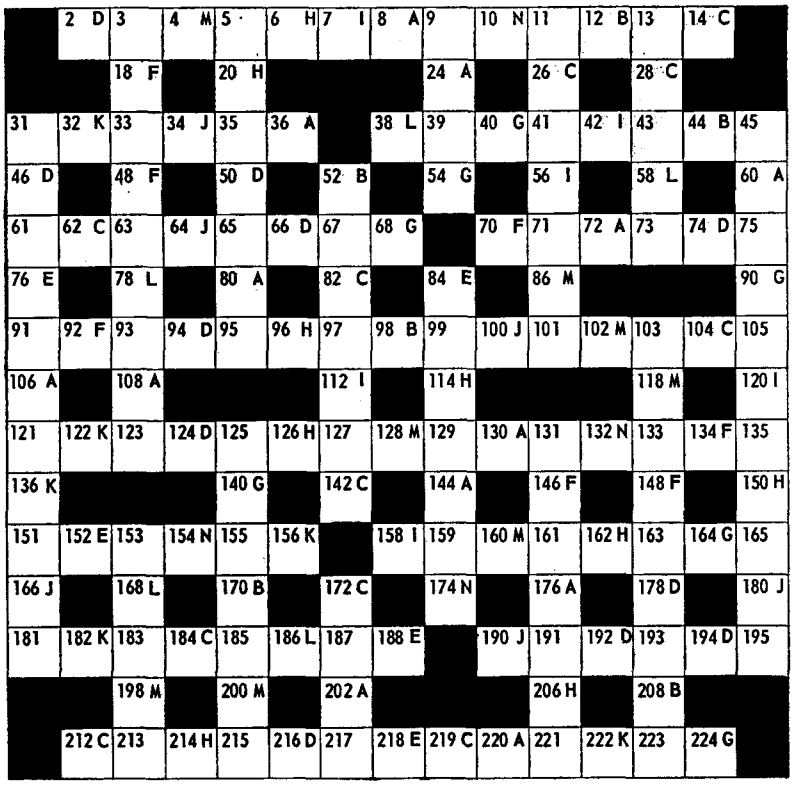
J
34 190 100 180 64 166 "I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, ____-dawn-drawn Falcon." Hopkins, "The Windhover."

K
122 32 136 222 182 156 With the interior removed.

L
168 78 58 186 38 To plug up.

M
118 102 4 200 86 128 160 198 What St. Peter Damian was by birth.

N
174 132 154 10 A form of mop used for wiping decks.



ACROSS

2. Garbage man's cry when told something incredible? (2,4,7).
31. Type of navy ship shortly in the sun? It's unexpected.
38. Take the noon spur train for parts of speech.
61. Look, damn it. It's all right, chum (1,1,3,3).
70. I'm fed up about ash, said the irritated Scotsman.
91. Folks down under Down Under (9,6).
121. Be elegant, Sir Bowen, in romantic gardens beloved of poets (9,6).
151. Thank you, poet, for the knight's cloak.
158. I am in golf and make a birdie.
181. *Extend when the rout includes* each.
190. Roasts a rich American family.
212. The blister bled? Oh, oh! Make it a main course (6,7).

DOWN

3. Fools slid in crinite, for instance (3,6).
5. Thoughts of a person with monomania? (3,4).
9. Rogue is a bit too much for what pertains to a northern people.
11. A mob with maturity makes a dressing.
13. With 52 down, a work of the Acrostician.
31. Undotted "i" or a brief note (5,6).
45. 31 across halts or organ controls (6,5).
52. See 13 down.
84. Toughens Ann's ale.
103. Smooths the feathers of a person with three points (6,3).
125. This Arctic creature is a near whale, lacking two points.
131. A process is a moist toss without a doublet.
153. An Order of the British Empire for a treat! (slang).
172. A Moslem who sounds dogged.

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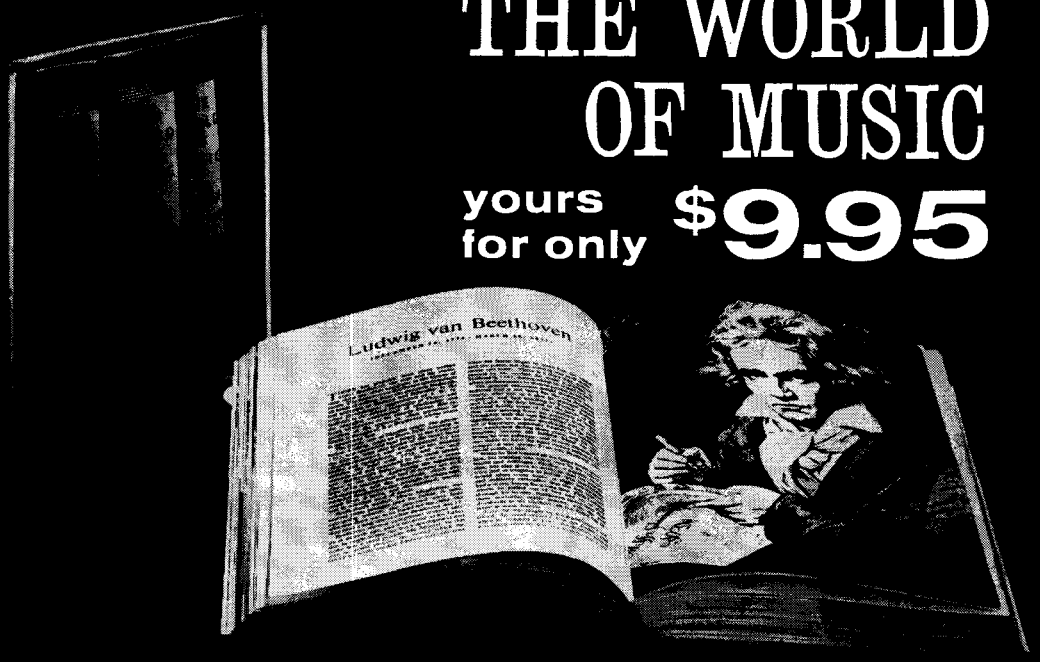

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MAX ASCOLI

Charity Begins Abroad

THE CAUSE may well be the too-broad, bipartisan consensus that the President has assiduously cultivated for the enactment of his basic domestic reforms. As if to make him pay for it, a rash of aggravating criticisms of his major undertakings in foreign affairs has broken out from some senators of his own party.

The latest instance has been provided once more by Senator Fulbright, a high-minded man addicted to introspection and conscience-listening. He is in politics, but not quite at ease in it. To politics he mostly contributes his unhappiness—a disposition that can sometimes be beneficial if it is sparingly represented in the hierarchy of a ruling party. The latest foreign-policy pronouncements by Senator Fulbright do not exempt him from the respect due him; neither do they exonerate him from criticism. Sometimes it is better when cranky opinions are formulated by a crank rather than by a thoughtful man.

In his recent attack on the administration's intervention in the Dominican crisis, he identified the cause of the mistakes and the criteria to be followed if their repetition is to be avoided. It's all exceedingly simple: we must not antagonize; indeed, we must give all our support in the hemisphere to social revolution, which seems to be the new wave of the future. "The direction of the Alliance for Progress is toward social revolution in Latin America."

If the senator is correct, he has discovered the criterion that can allow our government to choose among the various claimants to our support in the countries of Latin America, where, he says, "just about every reform movement is likely to attract Communist support. . . ." Later on, he adds that "by supporting reform" and the Communists along with it, "we bolster the popular non-Communist Left. . . ." This is a truly bewildering notion which can only mean a conviction that, in the game of politics abroad, the Communists who are professional can frequently be defeated by the dilettantes of the non-Communist Left. All this is strictly for alien consumption: according to Mr. Fulbright, there is no taste for revolution in this country; and the senator from Arkansas has given evidence of this with his unresponsiveness to the social reforms of the Johnson administration, sometimes called revolutions. His charity begins abroad.

THE ADVOCACY of social revolution is in no way tempered by the knowledge that ever since their premature emergence from colonialism, the countries south of the Rio Grande have suffered a surfeit of revolutions—most of them social. In our times, if the senator is right, our country should have rushed to defend Goulart in Brazil, or Juan Perón, who, after having debauched the working classes in Argentina, is still the beneficiary of a large popular following and Communist sympathy. And even Fulgencio Batista tried his hand at social revolution and was not disliked by the Cuban Communists.

What is wrong with Senator Fulbright, and with quite a number of American liberals, is an ingrained habit of abstract theorizing in terms of black and white, with little or no care for rounded historical reasoning. One of the most typical evidences of this trend was Senator Fulbright's speech "Old Myths and New Realities." Since the old myths are centered on the incompatibility between the world-wide ambitions of Communism and the supreme value of freedom, nothing remains but to go through an endless series of accommodations with Moscow, Peking, or Havana at all possible levels—a singularly lunar and truly unreal picture of what is ahead of us.

Senator Fulbright is not the only eminent man who voices such peculiar views on the Democratic side of the Senate. Another, equally earnest and somber, is Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield. He seems to have found his specialty in prescribing how bloodily divided countries can be patched together. The method is simplicity itself: hold a general election in which all the inhabitants will have their say, even those who have been long segregated and robotized by unchanging totalitarian régimes. There are no conditions other than a reciprocal amnesty and some kind of U.N. supervision; then the inhabitants will turn into citizens by casting their ballots, thus redeeming their right to freedom. A few years ago, still under the Eisenhower administration, the good senator from Montana advanced a similar program for the unification of Germany, East and West.

PERHAPS President Johnson could use an opposition that opposes, according to the good old Taft saying, in exchange for the soulful sermonizing by some of his distinguished former colleagues in the U.S. Senate. The problems he has to face abroad are awesome, and one piece of advice can be freely given him in the firm confidence that it is unneeded: our country may have different kinds of relations with the various Communist powers, but it should never sponsor or promote Popular Front governments—in Vietnam, Germany, or anywhere else. As to the fostering of social revolutions in Latin America, let's establish a division of labor between ourselves on the one side and the followers of Marxism on the other. Our country is for good works with and for the peoples of Latin America, but is unavailable for revolutionary promiscuity.

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Beyond the Voting Rights Act

PAUL GOOD

ATLANTA

THE FOUR Georgia state assemblymen driving to Americus were discussing the favorite subject of politicians—how to get and stay elected. Receding behind them was their home city, Atlanta, its capitol dome leafed with Georgia gold glinting in the August sunlight. Each had just been elected and would not take his seat in that capitol until the start of the session in January. Practically and symbolically, the governing process would be a new experience for them: all four were Negroes.

"I'm going to introduce a bill allowing the city to condemn the slum property of absentee landlords," said Julian Bond. "You have people living like animals in shacks down in Buttermilk Bottom and the city has its hands tied because the owner is living off somewhere and can't be brought to court. Other cities have such condemnation procedures and so should Atlanta."

Bond is a slender twenty-five-year-old who has been directing public relations for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. His father is dean of the education school at Atlanta University. In 1961, Bond and a few other members of SNCC entered the whites' gallery of the Georgia assembly. The speaker of the house saw them and roared, "Get those niggers out of there!"

Now he could not be gotten out. When Bond and his fellow assemblymen traveled to Americus, the Federal voting-rights bill had already been signed into law. But they had, in fact, been elected without the aid of the Federal law in a Deep South city that offered no impediments to Negro voting except the apathy of its colored electorate. Of such anomalies is the current picture of Negro voting in the South composed.

The assemblymen were going south to racially troubled Americus to address church rallies. Accompanying Bond were William Alexander, a quiet lawyer of thirty-two; burly and blunt-spoken John Hood, a twenty-seven-year-old undertaker; and Ben Brown, who is the same age

as Bond and, like him, connected with the civil-rights movement, as executive secretary of the Atlanta NAACP.

Together with five other Negro assemblymen and two state senators, they constitute the largest Negro legislative delegation after Michigan and Illinois. All are Democrats. Most of their constituents are Negroes, although Brown has many whites in his West End district. Since Brown faced a Negro Republican opponent in the June election, many whites in the West End had refused to vote. Most of their constituents are poor, though a number of Atlanta's Negro millionaires and middle-class professionals live in the handsome Colliers Heights section of Alexander's district.

"There are no simple patterns," Alexander said. "When racist critics say we Negroes in the assembly will form a black bloc, I think they're wrong. We fit more naturally into the urban bloc, if you want to call it that, because people living in cities have common problems. And it's going to take white and Negro teamwork to solve them here in Atlanta."

Selective Statistics

It is a far cry from Assemblyman Alexander talking easily of an urban bloc to an uneducated Black Belt farmhand in Alabama seeking to make use of the vote that Federal legislation now has made a possibility. But generalizations about either are dangerous. Atlanta is the home of SNCC and Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. It bills itself as "The City Too Busy to Hate" and boasts of its racial progress, which is considerable although still of token proportions in vital areas such as jobs, schools, and housing. Yet after a series of intensive, well-organized voter drives, less than half the city's 120,000 eligible Negroes have bothered to register.

This apathy, coupled with fear and ignorance, has been overlooked in some of the exaggerated predictions about the effects of the voting-rights bill. There are roughly 1.9 million Negroes registered in the

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eleven Southern states, with something like three million eligibles unregistered.

The administration's adding machines quickly began tallying the first effects of the new law. At least 58,000 Negroes were registered by August 26 in four Southern states. In Mississippi the number of registered Negroes doubled. Fifty Federal examiners registered 26,172 Negroes in thirteen counties in Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi.

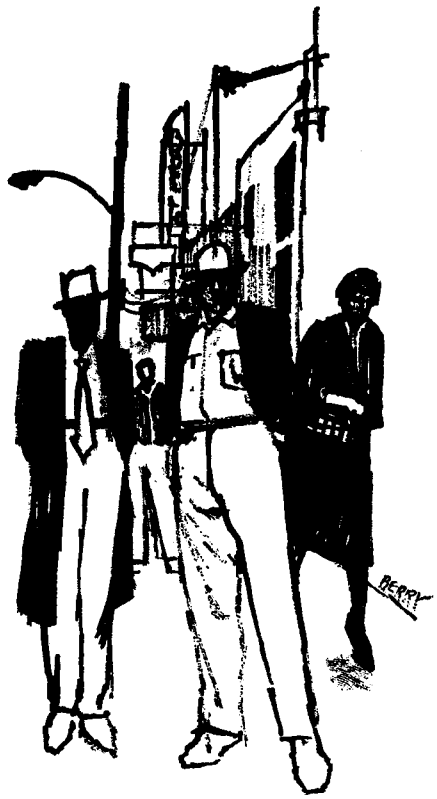
But the numbers game could be misleading. Gathering impressive percentages from selected cities, the administration used the same tactics in the fall of 1964 to demonstrate a supposed widespread compliance with the public accommodations section of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. But nearly a year later, Southern compliance is still hit-and-miss. Negroes seeking accommodations anywhere except in the best restaurants and hotels in the larger cities do so at their own risk.

THIS TIME, the first batch of registrations was coming mainly from areas like Selma, Alabama, and Greenwood, Mississippi, where, as a result of years of activity by civil-rights workers, the Negro's desire to vote was great. It would be misleading to project this reaction to hundreds of Southern counties where Negroes are still not politically awakened and where there is still no Federal presence.

It *was* impressive that the number of Mississippi Negro voters doubled. But if this meant an increase from 28,500 to 57,000, then some 365,000 still are unregistered. In Alabama, most counties are complying with the new Federal requirement to end literacy tests. But their books are legally open only two days a month and there are 325,000 Negroes waiting to register.

By mid-September, some sobering statistics had begun to emerge from the Civil Service Commission, from whose ranks the Federal examiners were recruited. For example, registrations that had hit 2,000 a day in late August were down to 352 by September 9. The commission reported that the combination of Federal examiners and local registrars had signed up some 49,000 Negroes in fourteen counties where voting bias had been charged. But this was a good deal less than half of the 108,000 Negroes eligible in those areas, while about eighty-two per cent of the 136,000 white eligibles in the same counties were on the voting lists. Clearly, some of the steam was going out of the registration drive, and twenty-one of the initial force of fifty registrars were recalled to their normal duties.

Even in those areas where prior Federal court orders had enabled



Negroes to make telling use of the vote, the situation is not altogether bright. Tuskegee, Alabama, home of the famed institute, is the only Southern city with a Negro voting majority. Whites and Negroes there shaped a political alliance last year that resulted in the election of a biracial city council. This was accomplished under the optimum condition of a politically sophisticated and economically stable Negro electorate. But problems have already arisen, as militant Negroes attack the coalition for do-nothingism and segregationist whites seek to undo its achievements.

There is a twofold danger in ignoring such realities. First, whites sympathetic to the Negro cause might come to believe that the problem is as good as solved, leading to an inability to understand or accept fresh demands in a struggle really only beginning. Second, Negroes themselves could overvalue the vote as an instrument for change.

"It's not going to bring any dramatic change," Bond said as we drove through the cotton-and-peanut region of south Georgia, where poverty and white supremacy dominate Negro lives. "For one thing, the economic problems are too vast to be handled on local levels. And the economy is where the real Southern change has to begin. But that's going to be done in Washington. If it's going to be done.

"People look at Atlanta and jump to the conclusion what happened with us can happen every place. Eventually maybe it can. But to begin with, there was a long history in Atlanta of Negro involvement in politics. Through white middlemen, true. But the experience was there. Then reapportionment opened up new seats in the city and these were filled by district, not county-wide votes. That's why we're in the assembly. County-wide votes can keep shutting Negroes out of the picture in most Southern counties simply because there are a lot more whites than there are Negroes outside colored districts." "Yes," his colleague Brown said. "But if twenty-five per cent of a city or county's eligible voters are Negroes, it won't be long before somebody white running for mayor or sheriff will start paying attention to them. You might not get Negroes elected but you'll have them heard."

"O.K.," Bond agreed. "Things will probably go like they did here in Atlanta, with Negroes throwing their weight to certain white candidates, and the whites slowly getting better and better, and then Negroes runing whenever they see the chance. But there's not going to be anything simple about it."

Moratorium on Militance

Julian Bond won his assembly seat with the organizational backing of SNCC. Even entertainer Harry Belafonte dropped into his rundown Vine City precinct one night to drum up votes. But Bond is far removed from the standard image of the SNCC militant; it was his personality and political approach, not the SNCC im-

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print, that won for him. It would be a mistake to assume that Bond's election signals automatic political recognition for civil-rights workers.

For the heyday of the brave volunteer is ending. Negroes and whites whose ordeals dramatized the need for legislation like the voting-rights bill are already being pushed out of the picture. It is a case of the young men winning the wars and the old men dictating the peace. Nowhere today is this so obvious as in Mississippi.

The Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, born of the combativeness of SNCC and CORE, is fighting for its life on two fronts. In Washington its challenge to the seating of the regular Mississippi Congressional delegation was defeated by House vote on September 17. The party wanted candidates chosen by 60,000 Mississippi Negroes in an extralegal election seated instead. Undaunted, the MFDP has announced plans to run Negro candidates in the 1966 election against Senator James O. Eastland and the five House members.

Back home, labor, the NAACP, and a handful of white moderates have formed a coalition in the hope that they can reconstitute the discredited Democratic Party of Mississippi; in the process, they would bypass the MFDP. On August 15 in Jackson, at a meeting of four hundred predominantly Negro Mississippi Young Democrats, this coalition walked out to form what it called the Mississippi Democratic Conference. The leading white man in the group was Hodding Carter III, managing editor of the Greenville *Delta Democrat-Times;* the most influential Negro was Charles Evers, who succeeded his slain brother Medgar as secretary of the state NAACP.

Evers has never been comfortable with the SNCC people or their theories. He and most of his membership are oriented to middle-class values and behavior, and in the summer of 1964 he pointedly boycotted the MFDP convention in Jackson.

"If people want to come here and help in the fight for freedom, that's fine," he told me. "But don't come into my house and tell me how to run things."

The MFDP, by its refusal on principle to compromise at the Democratic convention in Atlantic City and by its scorn for any political dialectic other than its own, has alienated former friends and given ammunition to its enemies. One of its former stalwarts, Aaron Henry, has already begun to drift on a course that seems destined to land him with the Democratic Conference forces. The hard truth is that politics is the art of the possible and the MFDP has the reputation of being pretty impossible.

DESPITE the presence of local people in the ranks of SNCC-MFDP, it has always been an alien creature in Mississippi. Its philosophical notions are incompatible with the mass of Mississippi Negro adults, who are traditionally conservative. Old-line Negro "leaders"—principally ministers, some businessmen, and officers of fraternal orders with an established statewide framework—are jealous of their prerogatives and skilled at manipulating people whom they have known all their lives. The young radicals hope to break this control by bringing a dramatic vision of a new egalitarian order of life. But it appears that they have not reached the broad base they need to inspire a new Populism, not only in Mississippi but throughout the South.

Youthful inexperience, arrogance, and other inadequacies among volunteers could be overlooked when there was a premium on boldness. Now the need is not so much for zealous young outsiders as for mature local people who can demonstrate the feasibility of Negro political organization.

Already, there are signs that the SNCC organization in the field is coming apart. Its veterans, increasingly frustrated by economic problems that audacity cannot solve and bitter at being shunted aside by those who originally did not dare to challenge the white man, seem at loose ends.

Workers for Dr. King's less militant SCOPE (Summer Community Organization and Political Education Project), had their own problems fitting into this changing atmosphere. A second wave of volunteers, they came inspired by tales of last summer's heroism in Mississippi. They had a desire, perhaps a need, to commit their bodies to the cause. But political organization, not demonstrations, is now the basic need, and this is something far more complex. It would seem that many of the SCOPE people arrived a summer too late and many of the SNCC workers stayed a summer too long.

The Crucial Issue

Two relevant incidents occurred shortly after the four Negro assemblymen arrived in Americus. They first ate a tense meal in a hotel restaurant where local whites still do not distinguish between assemblymen and niggers. As they entered, an elderly gentleman got up, leaving his meal untouched, and two white youths who came in later went out protesting noisily that they would not eat with a bunch of ———.

Outside the SNCC office, a young white volunteer approached Hood and blurted, "Are you the Negro representative from Atlanta?"

"No," Hood replied. "I'm the state representative from Atlanta."

The shift in focus was subtle but telling. Later, at a Baptist church, the four waited to address a small audience of well-dressed Negro ladies. But before they had a chance to speak, a white SCOPE worker appeared and received permission to say a few words.

"I've just come back from Alabama," he said, "and the Negro domestic workers there have formed a union to make white folks pay more. It's going over the whole state and it's working perfectly, it's really beautiful. The ladies there are coming out of slavery and you can do the same thing. It's up to you to decide how you want to form the union but the first thing we need is volunteers. So how many would like to volunteer now?"

No hand was raised and the ladies' faces looked grim.

"You don't have to be afraid . . . ," the young man began, but the minister headed him off.

"Excuse me," he said, "they aren't afraid. But these are professional ladies. They do not work as domestics."

It was an embarrassing *gaffe*, doubly incomprehensible because the young man had told a bald lie. There was no Alabama union, working beautifully or otherwise.

When the assemblymen spoke, it was not with the ringing phrases that so often galvanize civil-rights

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rallies, but with a low-keyed attempt to project an image of humble dedication. Assemblyman Brown, in a time-honored political tradition, recalled that he had been born nearby in the town of Montezuma and might even be related to a Reverend Brown who was in the church. And Assemblyman Hood declared:

"I want you people to know that if there is any support I can lend to Americus—to Negroes or to whites—just let me know. We are legislators elected to represent the state of Georgia, it's true. But we're Negroes first. You have been Negroes all your life and you always will be. So will I."

No one addressed himself to the crucial issue of the day—what the newly won vote could or could not do for the Southern Negro. But then, few politicians, white or black, are examining this question with anything like the fearless and penetratting spirit of inquiry it demands. Most Negroes, North and South, and millions of whites struggle under an economic weight that no election of mayor, councilman, or even governor can lift. If men eke out an existence with menial jobs because there are no factories to give them productive employment, and if private enterprise does not choose to build factories, then who will do it? The question touches the very nature of American government. Eventually it will be debated, but for now no fledgling Negro politician in the South has had the temerity to do so and risk being labeled at the start of his career as a "socialist" or worse.

But Assemblyman Bond did put into words a concept that is important now for Southern Negroes as they seek to implement the Voting Rights Act and that will be basic to any future political decisions. Pointing to his fellow representatives, he said to the listeners in the church:

"We're not going to be the people to change your lives. Nobody can do it but you. Somebody said to me they were glad we came down to Americus so you could see a real live Negro representative. But you see a real live Negro representative every time you get up in the morning and look in the mirror. Make sure he works for you."

The Air-Conditioned Sweatshop

BILL KOVACH

NASHVILLE

At one time or another during the past decade, almost every manufacturing center in the United States has been visited by dedicated boosters announced by orange-and-white calling cards as "Ten Men From Tennessee." Their purpose has been to lure industry to their state, and in this endeavor they are competing with counterparts from the eight states that border on Tennessee. These industrial promoters assail the businessmen with facts on Tennessee's climate, central location, and natural resources. But these advantages are just a gloss on the real attraction—cheap labor and dollar incentives. Tennessee, like the other industry-seeking states in the South, has frankly been buying industry with tax dollars and with its people.

Through the efforts of the chambers of commerce and politicians, industry has been raised to the level of unassailable virtue. In the name of industry, Tennessee enacted a "right to work" law in 1947; in the name of industry, the burden of taxation has gradually been shifted almost totally onto the consumer; in the name of industry, bond acts were passed in 1951 and 1955 permitting the use of public funds to build and in some cases pay for plants and machinery for companies moving South to avoid high wages. Recently, these incentives and their consequences have come in for heavy criticism in Tennessee itself.

In 1963, a detailed and generally critical study of public-financing programs for industrial development was undertaken by the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, which includes governors, congressmen, Federal officials, mayors, and state legislators. Their conclusion was: " . . . the industrial-development bond tends to impair tax equities, competitive business relationships and conventional financing institutions out of proportion to its contribution to economic development and employment. It is therefore a device which the Commission does not endorse or recommend." The sixteen states listed in the report had, through 1962, issued nearly a half billion dollars in local industrial-development bonds. In this category, Tennessee led the nation with a total of $125,716,000 (including bond issues to build plants for such industrial giants as Olin Mathieson and Genesco Company), followed closely by Mississippi with $102,748,000.

Although the expansion of Southern industry began in earnest after the Second World War, the movement goes back to Mississippi Governor Hugh White's BAWI (Balance Agriculture with Industry) program of the 1930's. That state's consistent ranking as the poorest in the Union is one indication of the success of White's program. The

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other Southern states, however, Tennessee included, began with right-to-work laws and refined their recruiting techniques until by 1962 more than forty per cent of all money spent in the nation by state agencies to advertise industrial advantages was spent by the states in the Southeast. Industrialization is second only to the civil-rights movement as the central theme of Southern history since 1945.

In terms of development, the results have been impressive. Between 1951 and 1963, the total investment in new and expanded plant operations in Tennessee totaled $1.8 billion. While most of this was spent to expand existing industry, at least three hundred new plants were established in Tennessee with the help of public funds and at a total investment of some $200 million. Many of these were plants whose names have made the AFL-CIO's list of runaway shops, such as the Emerson Electric Company, which moved one of its operations from St. Louis to Tennessee between 1963 and 1965, leaving behind about 250 workers, and Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, which closed its two-thousand-employee plant in Stamford, Connecticut, to move to Lenoir, Tennessee, in 1957.

Outside Tennessee and the South generally, this practice has been condemned, first by organized labor and more recently by organizations closer to home. A few years ago, the Southern Governors Conference reported that their states were relying on industries in which "wages are on the bottom of the list," and that they had *not* been "selective" in their industrial recruitment. Recently Bernard F. Hillenbrand, executive director of the National Association of County Officials (NACO), was more critical of the practice of luring industry as being unfair to existing business and industry in a community. "Nine out of ten new jobs in the typical community," he said, "are developed by expansion of existing industry and it is not fair to ask them to support scum industry that does not want to pay fair wages but wants a free ride from the local taxpayers." To defenders of public-financed industrial development who cite economic salvation arguments, Hillenbrand replied: "We can justify brothels on an economic basis, but that does not make them any less immoral."

Tennesseans are also beginning to take a closer look at the effect of being characterized as a "docile labor supply" and at the use of their tax dollars to lure industry. During a recent debate on the repeal of Section 14b of the Taft-Hartley Law, Tennessee's Sixth District Representative William R. Anderson pointed to some of the evils of harboring runaway shops. The right-to-work law has brought some industry in, he said, but "In some cases this industry has been interested not so much in the natural advantages of the State nor in our economic uplifting, but in cheap labor to turn over raw materials coming, mainly, from outside the State, into products sold, mainly, outside the State. Any economist will confirm that this does not promote the economic growth of our State very much."

Whose Bargain?

Although active recruitment of runaway shops is still supported on an economic basis by local and state officials, statistics show that while industry may be "sold on" Tennessee, the bargain is one-sided. Figures based on the last census that are contained in the state's 1965 report on the incidence of poverty show that the number of persons employed in manufacturing industry is twenty-six per cent of those employed compared to twenty-seven per cent nationally. According to the report, "This indicates that Tennessee may be in a period of comparative advantage in manufacturing relative to the rest of the nation." This "comparative advantage," however, is not readily apparent in the economic condition of the people of Tennessee. The report also shows the state's median family income at $3,949, far behind the national level of $5,660 and less than $1,000 above the official line at which poverty begins. Even the top third of the counties were below the national standard, and every one of the ninety-five counties has more than twenty-one per cent of its families in the poverty category.

Arguments that these conditions will be corrected by a continuation of the twenty-year-old industrial-recruitment campaign are not supported by information compiled on existing industry. According to another report made this year, the major industry in Tennessee, apparel and related products, pays an average weekly wage of $49.60, barely above a poverty existence. Even this figure is inflated by the inclusion of supervisory personnel. The depressing effect of low wages on the economic climate in Tennessee is made worse in that at least twelve per cent of all manufacturing jobs were "bought" through public bond issues and represent little if any investment by the companies.

Dr. Harold Bradley, a state legislator and history professor at Vanderbilt University, points out that the cost of such jobs does not end with the initial investment: "There are the continuing costs to the community in the form of increased service by public utilities to the plant, increased maintenance costs, increased outlay for schools and other facilities, and at the same time many of the new workers may be commuters who live outside the local taxing jurisdiction." Dr. Bradley and Bernard Hillenbrand refer to Department of Labor statistics showing that a $20,000 investment is needed to create one new industrial job, and they add that it is one thing if that investment is made by private enterprise and another if it is paid by the taxpayers. In Hillenbrand's words, they are "prostituting their government tax immunity."

Though the unions are making noticeable gains in many areas of the state among industrial workers caught in the squeeze between low wages and subsidized industry, the organizers are confronted with two major obstacles to any rapid economic advancement through unionization. The first of these is the way politics and economics mesh at a plant built through public finances. For example, in tiny Lewis County, the United Rubber Workers are in a bitter struggle with the local political forces to organize Lewis Products Manufacturing Co., a subsidiary of the American Biltrite Rubber Co., whose plant was erected in 1960 under a $3-million

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general-obligation bond issue and expanded in 1963 with another $1-million bond issue. Frank Whitworth, Jr., president of URW Local 760, charges that the company was promised a minimum of five years' operation without a union. The promise, he said, was made by State Commissioner of Education J. Howard Warf, political boss of Lewis County, who was then head of the industrial committee and superintendent of county schools. Other officials—including the mayor of the county seat, who is also attorney for the company—have denied this, but unrefuted testimony in an NLRB hearing has shown that a sure way to get a job at Lewis Products has always been a note from Warf approving the applicant. Thus, Whitworth says, the company and the political leaders reinforce one another; to assure labor peace, the company allows political leaders to screen employees, and in effect gives them a new form of patronage.

It is a relationship that the URW is finding hard to break. After three plant elections, several favorable NLRB decisions, and ten weeks of fruitless negotiations, the URW struck Lewis Products. They are still out, but their strike is threatened by what Whitworth calls "political interference." Local officials, including the police, are actively recruiting non-union workers to cross the picket lines, Whitworth charges. Further, the company is being reinforced by two other industries located in Lewis County, both actively solicited by the county—Genesco and Henry I. Siegel, both regarded by labor as anti-union plants. "The real problem here," Whitworth stated recently, "is not so much whether or not we form a successful union but that we pose a threat to the political control of this county that has been established through the plants."

Catching Up with the 1930's

Another example is in nearby Lawrenceburg, where Teamsters Local 327 of Nashville has mounted a sometimes violent campaign to organize the Murray Ohio Manufacturing Company, which came to Tennessee in 1955 to escape rising labor costs in Cleveland. Financed by a $2-million community bond issue, Murray Ohio has become the leading industry in the area and furnishes more than half of all its industrial jobs with an annual payroll of $10 million. Lawrenceburg, like many other rural towns in Tennessee, has become a new kind of company town. The leading citizens who control its economic life are board members or stockholders in Murray Ohio. City officials plan many of their programs around the company's needs and desires. When the Teamsters moved in and mounted a strike that effectively shut down the plant, the police powers and economic forces of the community were joined against the union. In the end, Governor Frank Clement, who had been advised that publicity

stemming from the strike was "turning away industrial prospects," stepped in with the Highway Patrol to enforce an injunction against picketing, thereby ending the three-month strike.

Attorney George Barrett of Nashville, who represents the state Labor Council of the AFL-CIO and Teamsters Local 327, has attempted to balance the scales which he insists are weighted in favor of an alliance of industry and political power. Barrett has been arguing for a state labor board and a little Norris-LaGuardia Act in Tennessee to take jurisdiction over labor disputes away from state courts. Chancery-court injunctions have frequently prevented the unions from using their strike weapon. According to some labor officials, the state and the courts have, in effect, become arms of the company in what is essentially an economic struggle.

With these forces operating against union activities, Barrett and others believe that the second major problem confronting unionization in the South today is the ineffectiveness of the NLRB. "The NLRB over the years has bogged down in bureaucracy and has become almost sterile," Barrett said. "In many cases the regional men they send down South have been dealing with the extremely sophisticated labor problems in the East where the unions and companies are competing on the base of thirty years experience. . . . There is nothing sophisticated about the movement here. We are still trying to catch up with the 1930's." The NLRB, he said, is of little help in the central issue of getting plants to accept unions, and its machinery is so slow and cumbersome that a struggling union could easily disappear from the scene while awaiting needed decisions.

THE NEXT few years promise major changes in the rules under which shopping for industries is carried out. The Johnson administration is seeking repeal of Section 14b, which would negate state right-to-work laws—probably the least important of the tools now used to lure industry from states with powerful union organizations. More importantly, the industrial-bond acts are coming under heavy criticism, and state officials fear Congressional action that will rescind the tax-exempt status of such bonds. One portent of such action was contained in the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations' 1963 report: "The National Government is concerned because the financing method employed usually involves the dispensation of a Federal subsidy (through tax-free bonds) to private interests by a third party, in this case a local or a state government. It may be justified therefore, in taking such steps as it deems necessary to insure that subsidies dispensed at its expense are not dissipated or exploited for private advantage. . . ." The report concluded that the effect of these activities "on the fairness of the Federal tax system, the efficient operation of the money markets, the dispersal of industry, employment and unemployment, and the condition of the national economy" demonstrates that they have become a matter of national interest.

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No Change in Germany

GEORGE BAILEY

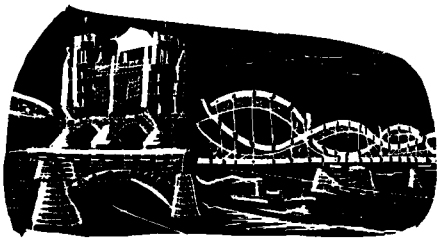
BONN

IT HAS LONG BEEN axiomatic that there is no political reality in Germany, only surrealism. The campaign leading up to the national elections of September 19 bears out the axiom, but the results of the election, at least, indicate that a good deal of plain realism is creeping in. "I voted for the Christian Democrats," a well-known Social Democrat told me on the afternoon of election day, "because I am afraid that my party will win by too big a margin and that would not be good." The same night a Christian Democratic politician voiced his alarm at the prospect of his party's achieving an absolute majority because "They would become drunk with power."

There were no campaign issues. That is, the real issues—which concern foreign policy, or rather Allied foreign policies as they affect Germany—were for the most part swept under the rug by the major parties. The only two notable exceptions to this practice were former Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's sharp but isolated denunciation of U.S. policy at the Geneva Conference on nonproliferation of nuclear armaments, and Social Democratic leader Herbert Wehner's chastisement of de Gaulle for his reception and benevolent treatment of Polish Premier Józef Cyrankiewicz. Instead, the professional politicians of all parties agreed to content themselves with posing domestic side issues such as the decontamination of the atmosphere over industrial centers, national health schemes, education, and reapportionment of wealth. In so doing, the various parties not only failed to make their programs intelligible to the electorate but thoroughly befuddled it.

IN A SENSE, the confusion was deliberate on the part of the opposition Social Democrats. Beginning in 1959 with the publication of their Godesberg Program, the Social Democrats jettisoned their ideological ballast and set about "streamlining" the party on the vote-catching model of the governing Christian Democratic coalition. By the end of 1964, the resemblance between government and opposition platforms was so strong that it was virtually impossible to distinguish between them, the Social Democrats campaigning on the contention that they could and would do everything the Christian Democrats were doing, only better. Their talk about the desirability of a "grand coalition" created the strong impression that the Social Democrats were not so much interested in victory as in a tie.

Of late, their persistent claims that they could beat the incumbents at their own game began to ring hollow. The Social Democrats have been in opposition ever since the founding of the republic. Until the turnabout in 1959, they had bitterly opposed every major government policy, particularly Ludwig Erhard's social market economy, to which the German "economic miracle" as well as its participation in NATO and the Common Market is universally ascribed. Since 1959 they had plagiarized the government's programs and policies with the apparent aim of being retroactively credited with co-authorship. The lack of foundation of these claims was inadvertently revealed during the campaign by the sudden, unprecedented crusade of a group of intellectuals for the Social Democratic cause. Not only were the intellectuals, led by the novelist Günther Grass, guilty of schoolboy boners such as informing the electorate that they had lost the war and hence would have to accept the Oder-Neisse Line and the division of Germany—news that was unwelcome even in Social Democratic strongholds—but they also attacked the government indiscriminately. They accused the Christian Democrats of having created a society that was fat, dumb, and happy but negligent of social welfare; too nationalist but too European-integrationist; too authoritarian and yet too weak; too much caught up in outmoded territorial considerations and yet too little concerned with reunification. In short, the distinctions they drew were so fine that they appeared to the electorate as blatant contradictions, rendering the whole platform suspect and inviting a scrutiny of Social Democratic claims at large.



The Christian Democrats, in disarray themselves, nevertheless profited from the confusion. Moreover, they sensed that the electorate was afraid. When an electorate is afraid, it tends to close ranks. Hence the government plugged the simplest of campaign slogans, consisting of one word—security. The combination of confusion and fear caused a large segment of the electorate to suspend judgment until almost the last minute. Just one week before the elections, the most dependable of the polls, Allensbach, abruptly stopped predicting the generally expected neck-and-neck race and strongly (and, as it turned out, accurately) favored the Christian Democrats.

Enter de Gaulle

What accounted for the sudden change in the electorate's mood? Privately, Christian Democratic politicians say that the main culprit—or benefactor in their case—was, for a change, Charles de Gaulle. Against the increasingly ominous background of war in Asia, the Germans, it is said, were roundly shocked when de Gaulle withdrew his ambassador to the Common Market this summer and threatened to get out altogether if his demands on agricultural financing were not met. They were jolted again when de Gaulle in his press conference ten days before the elections threatened to withdraw from NATO, and were dismayed when he

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courteously received Premier Cyrankiewicz the next week and failed to contradict the Communist leader's statements that France and Poland were in basic agreement on major European problems.

Then came the rudest jolt: de Gaulle said that he had not changed his views on Western European supranationalism. For the Germans, the federation of Western Europe is the first step toward reunification. Thus the electorate did not want to experiment with new men and stuck to the tried and true: Fat Ludwig, the foam-rubber lion, defender of the mark, paterfamilias of German prosperity, the benevolent fuddy-duddy, conservative but liberal, dull but dependable, who always muddles through. It returned the Christian Democrats with 47.6 per cent of the vote, 2.3 percentage points more than in 1961. It gave the Social Democrats 39.3 per cent, an increase of three points but not nearly enough to qualify for a grand coalition, and so condemned the "eternal opposition" to another four years of the same. It slapped the erratic and querulous junior partner of the coalition, the Free Democrats, down from 12.7 to 9.5 per cent. It gave former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss a new lease on life (he polled his usual majority of the Bavarian vote). And it ruined Willy Brandt.

ON THE FACE of it, the end result is the mixture as before. In fact, the selection of cabinet ministers may prove more important than the election. There will certainly be a desperate struggle for ministerial chairs, especially that of foreign minister. But the basic choice has been made, and the Christian Democrats, who have run the country more or less well for the past sixteen years, have been vindicated once again. Only in the elections of 1961 was the trend away from the incumbents. Then it was felt that Adenauer had let the country down in failing to stir the Allies to action before and after the Berlin Wall was built. In the ensuing four years, the Germans have learned that they cannot expect the Allies to engage themselves in the cause of reunification very strongly —if indeed at all—except within the scope of broad, unspecific international programs.

Building a Shrine For Disarmament

NORMAN MOSS

LONDON

FEW international conferences have opened with such fervent expressions of official good will as the now adjourned seventeen-nation disarmament talks in Geneva. When it opened on July 27, President Johnson said in a message to the delegates: ". . . if we love Man, nothing is more important than the effort to . . . halt the spread of nuclear power —and bring the weapons of war under increasing control." Prime Minister Harold Wilson looked into the future: "We believe that the most urgent task facing the world today is one for which we will never be forgiven by posterity if we fail to deal with it—the need to stop the proliferation of nuclear weapons to more nations." The Soviet government, for reasons of its own, also displayed a sense of urgency. It was the Russians who brought the seventeen delegations to Geneva by suddenly accepting, on July 13, the standing western suggestion that this four-year-old conference reconvene after ten months of adjournment.

The idea of somehow halting the spread of atomic weapons to other nations has been around for a long time. But two things have happened that throw a new light on the issue.

One was the explosion of the Chinese atom bomb last October, an event that everyone was expecting and no one was prepared for. Some of the immediate consequences, such as the new pressure on the Indian government to build a bomb and the counter-reaction in Pakistan, caused sudden concern in western capitals. (Some observers felt that a contributing cause to Pakistan's move into Kashmir was a desire to strike before India acquired a bomb.)

The second was an article in the July *Foreign Affairs* by William C. Foster, director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Foster stressed anew the importance of measures to halt proliferation and seemed to indicate a readiness on the part of the United States to concede that the cost would be a strain on the Atlantic Alliance.

His article was widely discussed in European capitals and widely interpreted to mean that the United States was now willing to risk West German displeasure in order to reach agreement with the Russians on this subject. Soviet diplomats read it too.

Bonn reacted quickly. No jealous

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wife is more sensitive to a hint of infidelity than is West Germany in its ties with the United States. The Bonn government said it would refuse to sign any treaty binding it not to acquire nuclear weapons prior to the establishment of the long-delayed NATO nuclear force, in which it hopes to participate.

Placating Bonn

In Great Britain, Wilson needs the reputation of a negotiator for peace. His disarmament minister, Lord Chalfont, worked out over eight months a draft treaty on nonproliferation. Chalfont's aim was a simple statement of principles that could not be rejected outright but must remain on the table as a basis for negotiations. Its substance was that of the 1961 Irish resolution in the United Nations: the nuclear powers were to promise not to disseminate nuclear weapons, and non-nuclear nations would promise not to acquire them. When the Russians consented to a new Geneva meeting, Lord Chalfont showed his draft to the NATO allies and apparently secured their agreement that this was to be the western proposal. In consequence, and quite foreseeably, the

Geneva Conference reopened where it had stopped ten months before: in the middle of an argument over whether a NATO nuclear force—the MLF or some variation thereof—would really constitute nuclear dissemination.

The British take Soviet fears of German nuclear ambitions far more seriously than the Americans, and have been trying to reassure Moscow. They keep telling the Russians that the object of the United States and Britain in setting up such a force is the same as that of the proposed treaty: nonproliferation. It is intended to give the Germans the shadow of dissemination while avoiding the substance. Indeed, Lord Chalfont has promised publicly that if West Germany acquires a theoretical control of nuclear weapons in a NATO nuclear force, Britain will always retain its veto over the use of these weapons. In Geneva and Washington, however, Bonn was telling the United States that it would oppose and be greatly hurt by any treaty ruling out forever a German share in nuclear weapons. When Foster asked Lord Chalfont to change his draft to meet the German view, he refused. Foster in turn took the position that the United States would not upset the West German government in the middle of its election campaign by subscribing to this treaty.

Lord Chalfont's draft treaty was scrapped, and in a few days the U.S. delegation at Geneva composed a new draft that became the western position before the conference. While it contained the main points of the British draft, it introduced a convoluted wording binding the signatories "not to take any . . . action which would cause an increase of the total number of states and other organizations having independent power to use nuclear weapons." One has to look at this treaty with a lawyer's eye for tiny loopholes to see the difference.

The difference is that while the British draft explicitly would retain the veto of the existing nuclear countries, the United States would keep open the possibility that the decision to go to nuclear war might be taken by some kind of majority vote. This is not because the United States contemplates giving up its veto—Congressional opposition would make this impossible—but because Germany would have no incentive to join the proposed nuclear force if it perpetuated all existing vetoes.

At this point the western alliance looked divided indeed. Across the table from the Russians, the United States was holding out to the Germans the ghost of a hope that Britain was promising would never materialize. And whatever the formula, the Germans were highly uneasy because nuclear arrangements within NATO seemed to become the subject of an East-West deal from which

they were excluded. Lord Chalfont, while not actually opposing the American draft, took the unusual step for an ally of publicly explaining his objection: "My government considers that the present draft leaves open a possibility which may have more theoretical than practical importance, but which we would prefer to see closed."

"More theoretical than practical" it certainly is. No nation is going to hand over all its nuclear weapons to an alliance and then surrender its veto over their use. The sheer unlikelihood of such an idea could not be admitted, however. Probably not since the days when Geneva was a center of Reformation theology have men argued in public there so doggedly over an issue so hypothetical.

This loophole made it easier for the Russians to reject the treaty, which they did resoundingly on August 31, charging the United States with a cynical attempt to provide West Germany with nuclear weapons while pretending to stop nuclear proliferation.

Western officials still think the draft treaty has a future, and it probably has. Their optimism was based in part on the Soviet delegate's insistence that there was no basis for discussions "as yet." Lord Chalfont even suggested that the "as yet" was an initial Soviet step "toward genuine negotiations." If the Russians are really interested in the prevention of nuclear dissemination and have simply been using the western desire for it to try to halt the NATO nuclear force,

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they will doubtless negotiate once the MLF is either set up or decisively scuttled. The trouble is that neither of these things is likely to happen quickly, for the MLF has been under negotiation for three years now with no definite conclusion. But as one British official said, "Remember, the partial test-ban treaty lay on the table for two years before it was signed."

Lord Chalfont, a former *Times* of London defense correspondent when he was still Alun Gwynne-Jones, was chosen as disarmament minister for his background rather than for any political affiliation. He exposed the fundamental weaknesses of western proposals in two remarks at a news conference shortly before he left for Geneva.

"Once proliferation starts in earnest," he warned, "it will be impossible to stop it." But this is a member of the nuclear club talking. So far as outsiders are concerned,

proliferation started "in earnest" at Alamagordo twenty years ago. To the nuclear powers, proliferation seems to mean somebody *else* building a bomb.

At the same news conference, somebody asked Chalfont what use a nondissemination treaty would be if two of the five nuclear powers, France and China, would not sign it. He replied that it was not really important whether these two signed it; they were not going to disseminate nuclear weapons anyway because to do so would be against their interests.

The Double Standard

Apart from the fact that not everyone feels as confident about this as Lord Chalfont does, his answer raises another question. Russia, in the view of many western observers, accepted the division of the Communist world rather than give the bomb to China. Neither is it conceivable that the Russians would give bombs to any Communist country. What does it matter, then, whether *they* sign a treaty, since they are not going to give away nuclear weapons anyway? What matters more is whether the potential nuclear nations sign the nonacquisition part of the treaty. Lord Chalfont has described earnestly and awesomely the evil power of nuclear weapons. But he has not been able to urge nations to promise never to acquire them in terms that do not smack of a double standard.

France and China seem uninterested in any agreement except among a concert of powers in which they would share an equal place. One or two of the non-nuclear nations that feel insecure—India, Israel, or perhaps West Germany—might also withhold their signatures. Certainly little that has been said so far would bring anyone to an act of self-denial, either for a principle or for self-interest. But there would be lots of other countries willing to sign—most of the members of the United Nations, in fact.

Then the result of protracted negotiations—and this is a very likely outcome—would be a nonproliferation treaty in which all the signatories would renounce the right to do what they will never do in any case. The United States and Russia would promise not to give away nuclear weapons, while Austria and Honduras would promise not to manufacture hydrogen bombs.

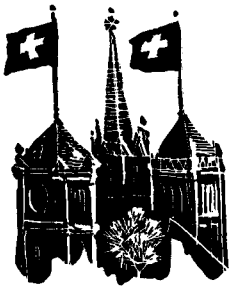
The Indian foreign ministry has advanced some terms upon which India and perhaps others might sign: guarantees by the nuclear powers against attack, and a reduction in weapons or delivery systems by the nuclear powers. Both these propositions are being considered. Reduction of stockpiles and delivery systems was on the agenda at Geneva. President Johnson has proposed a "freeze" of delivery systems. But the guarantees would have to be negotiated specifically and in detail, and can give only partial satisfaction. The fact that neither India nor Pakistan finds allies rushing to its aid will probably lead them both to think less about guarantees and more in terms of their own strength.

Indian officials have said that they would like to see a reduction of arsenals down to the minimum deterrent level. The Indians recognize that this would be against the strategic policies of both major powers. But there might be agreement on a token reduction that would at least seem to narrow the gap between nuclear and non-nuclear nations and point the way to a world of fewer bombs.

Even the highest ambitions of the treaty drafters are limited. They are hoping to close Pandora's box but not to lock it. For not one of them believes that a signature on a treaty would bother any government once it decided that nuclear weapons were vital to its security. In any case, any treaty now envisaged would have an escape clause. In the current draft, for instance, a signatory can withdraw with three months' notice if it decides that "extraordinary events" endanger it, provided only that it specify these events.

THIS IS NOT to say that a treaty would be useless. Disarmament officials believe that it would strengthen the hand of those in any signatory country who are against building a bomb; also, a government that is poised to take the grave step of starting a bomb program would probably hesitate a little longer if it had to take the additional step of explaining to the world and its own people the "extraordinary circumstances" that made it necessary.

The ultimate aim of the negotiations that are expected to resume



sometime after the end of the General Assembly session is nothing so far-reaching as to prevent the buildup of new nuclear armaments; the aim is to foster inhibitions to such a buildup. To prevent it would mean some drastic change in the world power structure, far more radical than anyone at present is willing to accept.

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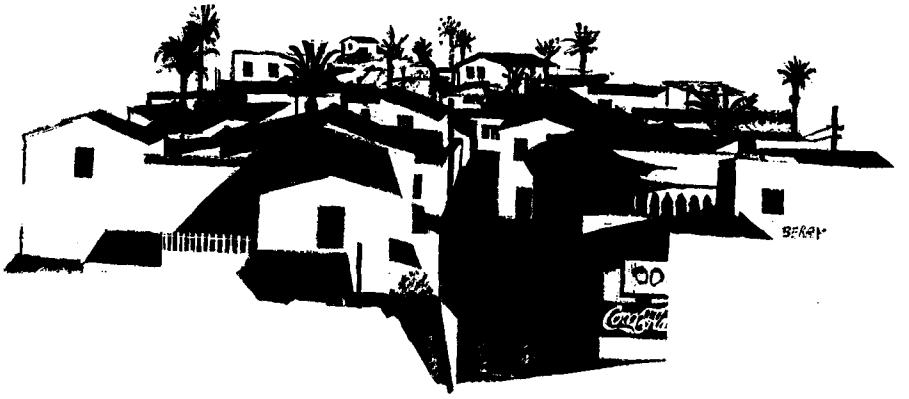

Colombia's Dangerous Doldrums

RICHARD EDER

FOUR YEARS AGO Colombia was high on the list of the Latin-American countries believed willing and able to carry out the reforms and the economic development called for by the Charter of Punta del Este, the basic document of the Alliance for Progress. The United States gave Colombia priority for assistance. The World Bank undertook to co-ordinate loans from countries and institutions in all parts of the developed world, with the aim of guaranteeing some $200 million annually for Colombian development. Under the leadership of President Alberto Lleras Camargo, a dry-mannered, cold-minded intellectual, tax reform and land reform were pushed through the Colombian congress, and one of Latin America's first comprehensive development plans was drawn up.

Yet today the Colombian economy is in a state of shock. The free peso's value has declined by fifty per cent, the country's debt has mounted, and the makings of a severe depression are in evidence. The coalition of what were once Colombia's two major political parties has fallen apart. President Lleras's successor, Guillermo León Valencia, has lost most of his party support, and there has been talk of replacing him, blunted mainly by the fact that the demoralized politicians would have trouble agreeing on a replacement.

The United States and the World Bank earlier this year gave the Colombian government an ultimatum saying that there would be no further aid unless it made drastic economic reforms, particularly in devaluating the peso. President Valencia, a proud man from a backwater province whose muted warfare with the twentieth century has aroused his countrymen's derision and sometimes their sympathy, has refused to devalue, although pressed to do so by many Colombian businessmen. The president has also refused to resign, as some had urged, despite the reflection he made recently to a reporter about "how bitter and embarrassing it is to be president of a country like Colombia."

Two of Valencia's finance ministers had resigned. After any number of candidates had turned down the position, Joaquín Vallejo, a drug manufacturer from Medellín, finally accepted it. Vallejo put together a program of reforms that included new taxes and a semi-disguised devaluation. This has provided a temporary sense of relief, but meanwhile price increases have stirred up the labor unions, and there is the prospect of a general strike that could dangerously threaten the government's stability.

Cracks in the Plaster

Colombia, Latin America's fourth most populous country, has two favorite phrases for itself: "We are heading for an explosion" and "Here nothing happens." Undoubtedly this is more a symbol than a symptom of the national fogginess that drifts among Colombians, obscuring them to each other and to everyone else. It makes journalists cut their visits short, and foreign advisers depart wondering if there's something wrong with themselves. Even Latin-American Communists, who give you thumbnail sketches of the objective and subjective conditions for revolution in Venezuela, Haiti, Guatemala, or Peru, are reduced to the kind of lame remark made last year by an official in the Cuban foreign ministry: "Colombians are a very conservative people, aren't they?"

With near unanimity, Colombians these days agree that the country has become stuck on dead center and that neither in the government nor the opposition is there any glimpse of dynamic leadership. The bank clerk who must support a wife, a mother, five children, and a suit which looks as if it were cut from a horse blanket but which must be kept mended and clean; the migrant from the countryside who sleeps in a tin shack, steals, and sends his children to beg; the sharecropper who gets less each year for what he grows —all these grow increasingly frustrated and resentful.

In Bogotá, a dour, dusty upland capital that suffers from a lack of oxygen and sunshine and manages to be depressing and witty at the same time, considerable satisfaction was drawn from one recent incident. A prominent investment banker was lunching with an American businessman at the fashionable but dingy Jockey Club. Just as he was saying, "We are having our troubles, but things are a long way from collapsing over our heads," a chunk of plaster fell onto his shoulder from the dining-room ceiling.

What happened in these four years to change a hopeful picture into such a discouraging one? The answer, it seems, is not that a promising situation was betrayed but that Colombia was not as healthy, politically and economically, as it had appeared to be. And its economic ills were less serious—certainly less peculiar—than its political flaws.

Colombia's economic troubles stem from a number of causes, all of them common to the developing nations of the world. There are the usual problems of a large, impoverished rural population whose productivity is low and whose compensation is

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increasingly insufficient. There are the problems of cities—Bogotá, Cali, Barranquilla—crowded to bursting by the unskilled, jobless refugees from rural hunger and violence. On the other hand, there is an active and growing industrial sector that in some areas—textiles and petrochemicals—has made important advances.

The most salient economic problem is the scarcity of dollars. Coffee, the major export, and oil earn nothing like the number of dollars required by the Colombian industrialist, who imports machinery, parts, and semi-finished materials, the Colombian tourist who goes to Miami and returns loaded down with nylon underwear and electric toasters, or the financier who wants to get his money out of the country.

IN COLOMBIA, as in some other Latin-American countries, democratic institutions have more the appearance than the substance of their European models. Parties have a different role, and their names have little to do with their outlook. Programs have an unchanging quality, and membership can be almost hereditary among an electorate of enormous diversity that is diffused in many poorly linked urban centers and isolated mountain pockets. Colombia kept its traditional nineteenth-century party system well into the middle of the twentieth century, and there was little evidence of new formations in line with recent European movements like the Christian Democrats. Colombians were Liberals or Conservatives the way Kentucky mountaineers were Hatfields or McCoys. The violence that broke out in the late 1940's and lasted some ten years was nominally a political fight, but its tempo and cruelty belonged to clan or ethnic warfare. Not long ago a colonel, sitting in the mess room of his backlands headquarters, recalled his days as a captain in the early 1950's, and the time he arrested a Liberal peasant for murdering his Conservative neighbors.

"Why are you a Liberal?" the officer had asked him.

"Because my father was a Liberal," answered the peasant. The officer thought he saw a chance of letting in a little light, and he broke in:

"Well then, if your father had been a Conservative, you would have been a Conservative."

"No, my captain. My father was an honorable man. How, then could he possibly have been a Conservative?"

The violence took place mostly in the countryside, but it was condoned by a hierarchy in each party that included the top leaders—sophisticated, well-to-do men who are still prominent in Colombian politics. It devastated large areas of the countryside and may have cost as many as 200,000 lives, although this figure cannot be proved and has been disputed. The guilt and horror that it left behind created a peculiar sort of political inhibition that led to the peculiar political arrangement known as the National Front.

By 1957, after unsuccessfully experimenting with a dictator, General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, the Colombians, convinced that politics meant Liberal-Conservative politics and that this in turn meant clan war, wrote a temporary moratorium on partisanship into a new constitution through the device of the National Front. This provided that power must be shared until 1974 between the two parties, and that the presidency would alternate at each election between a Liberal and a Conservative. Half the seats in congress would go to each party. Government appointments were also to be shared.

What's in a Name?

This device has had several consequences. One was that with the incentives of profit and fear taken away, party discipline and unity vanished; factions developed within each party, which have steadily multiplied over the past seven years as the prestige and influence of the leaders declined. At the same time, the emergence of new parties was excluded or at least discouraged by the constitutional requirement that one had to call oneself a Liberal or a Conservative to hold office.

True, a way could be found around this. The supporters of General Rojas, who consider themselves a distinct party, are able to run as Liberals or Conservatives at election time, and to win seats in congress. But there is a great deal in a name, especially in the deep-rooted and bloody Colombian political tradition, and young Colombians attempting to form new groups say that the need to use the old party labels at election time has had a dispiriting effect on their attempts to organize.

When the term of President Alberto Lleras Camargo, a Liberal, expired in 1962, the two traditional parties had more cohesion than they do now. The major factions in each party came together and agreed upon Valencia, a somewhat eccentric but honorable Conservative whom the Conservative leadership, headed by Mariano Ospina Pérez, felt it could dominate, and the Liberals, led by Carlos Lleras Restrepo, felt they could trust.

Although Valencia sometimes gave evidence of decisiveness—for example, he gave the army the authority to take energetic action against rural banditry—he was unable to keep capable cabinet members around him, or to assure them of political and congressional backing. Ospina and Lleras Restrepo, however, tended to fade away at difficult moments. And increasingly, when they attempted to use their authority to back the president, they found that their party members in congress would not obey them.

MEANWHILE, social unrest has grown. In part, it has rallied behind General Rojas, an aging, uncertain man whose movement partakes of the violent but basically formless character of the Poujadists in France. A more elegant but frequently ineffective focus of opposition has been provided by a dissident Liberal, Alfonso López Michelsen, a man of great intelligence, moderately leftist inclinations, and limited energy.

The worsening economic situation, a growing popular frustration, the uncertain leadership of the president, the lack of confidence of the regular party leaders, and the approach of congressional and presidential elections early next year have all contributed to the stepped-up tempo of political fragmentation.

"If you focus on the establishment," one foreigner has observed, referring to the splintered Liberals and Conservatives and the business and professional leaders who loosely

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support them, "you conclude that it has to collapse, that there is bound to be either a popular revolution or a military *golpe*. It is only when you look at the military, at the Communists, and at other possible opposition leaders that you realize that this may not be so."

"Of course we are living on top of a powder keg," said a Colombian writer. "But the powder is damp."

Visitors are impressed by the atmosphere of repressed violence in Bogotá, by the fury with which a taxi driver, a waiter, a market woman will inveigh against the government, the politicians, and the rich. All this anger must find an outlet, and yet there is no promising opposition leader in sight. The Communists, new and old, quarrel among themselves. Continued banditry in some remote areas and waves of robbery and kidnappings in the cities have been widely reported, but there is remarkably little evidence of ideological control over any of it.

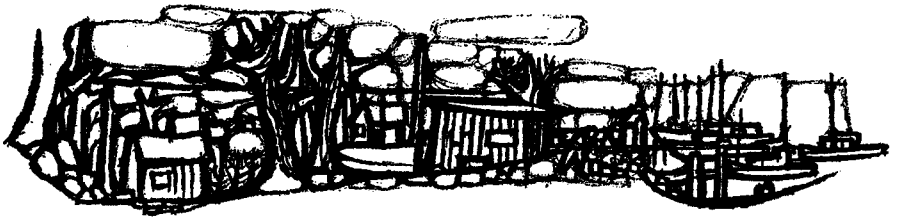
"The Colombian Communists are Liberal hacks who have bought a volume of Marx," one Venezuelan Communist leader once said, and to a large extent this seems to be true. General Rojas has received growing support, but his movement appears to have little capacity for organization or continuity.

All this makes the future particularly hard to read. For the short run, there is a tendency to believe that either President Valencia will accept the economic measures prescribed by his domestic and foreign advisers or that the establishment will attempt to force him into resigning, presumably with the backing of the army, which at present is not inclined to take political initiatives.

WHAT WILL happen in the 1966 election is unclear. The most conspicuous candidate is the Liberal leader Carlos Lleras Restrepo, who resigned his candidacy recently, a gesture that nobody takes seriously. Lleras, however, is not popular, partly because the man in the street blames him for many of the difficulties of recent years, and partly because of his rather harsh, didactic manner. It is possible that he will be displaced by another candidate as yet undeclared.

Whoever assumes the presidency will do it on the ruins of a political system. It is doubtful whether the National Front will survive very much longer. It is also difficult to see where the momentum will be found to construct modern political parties to replace it. The tragedy of Colombia is that for lack of parties and leaders, the government and the politicians have become increasingly isolated from the people. And it is perhaps the awareness of this isolation that has made the Colombian government so ineffective and the politicians so shrill and untrustworthy.

In contemplating the difficulties that confront Latin America, the United States tends to focus on the danger of violent upheavals such as a Communist take-over or a military coup. Colombia, however, illustrates what to many Latin Americans seems like a much greater danger—that, in fact, nothing will happen, other than a decline in productivity, a continued swelling of the population, a loss of hope, and the slipping away of any chance to build a tolerable society.



A Vermont House Gets Remodeled

VIC MAERKI

BURLINGTON, VERMONT

LATE last November, State Representative W. Clark Hutchinson, a conservative Republican of Rochester (pop. 879), urged a group of legislators at an anti-reapportionment meeting to "refuse to give up" their seats to any lawmakers elected under a reapportionment plan created under the pressure of a Federal court order. Hutchinson, a slender sixty-six-year-old native of New York City who won a Phi Beta Kappa key at Princeton, no doubt intended his speech to ring with the spirit of Ethan Allen. His stand was typical—if something of a caricature—of the tragic posture assumed for several years by opponents of any form of reapportionment of the Vermont legislature. But their defeat was inevitable, and on June 30, in accordance with a year-old order by the U.S. Supreme Court, Hutchinson was among the 276 Vermont legislators whose terms of office were ended.

On June 17, Democratic Governor Philip H. Hoff signed into law a package of reapportionment bills passed in May during a historic session of the Vermont General Assembly. Though anti-reapportionment forces in the Vermont house managed to block a bill providing for special legislative elections this fall, they were ordered by a special panel of Federal judges. So, come November 23, Vermont voters will elect members of a reapportioned legislature, and almost two centuries of town representation will come to an end.

THE NEW Vermont house of representatives will have 150 members elected singly or in pairs from seventy-two new house districts, with an average of 1,395 voters for each representative; the larger house districts are subdivided into one- and two-member subdistricts. The Vermont senate will continue to have thirty members, but the two smallest counties have been merged with larger neighbors.

The old Vermont house of rep-

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resentatives was, by contrast, one of the most malapportioned legislative bodies in the nation. The 174-year-old Vermont constitution provided that each of the state's 246 cities and towns was entitled to elect one member in the house, regardless of population. Seats in the state senate were apportioned on the basis of population, though each of the state's fourteen counties was entitled to at least one seat. Although the latter requirement resulted in some malapportionment, the Vermont senate was, on the average, one of the most representative in the nation.

The practical result of the town-by-town representation in the house was spelled out dramatically in a brief filed in the Federal court lawsuit that eventually forced reapportionment. It detailed a pattern of malapportionment and rural domination of the house:

¶ The total population of the 124 smallest towns in Vermont was less than twelve per cent of the state population in 1960, yet voters in those towns were able to elect a majority of the members of the house.

¶ The twenty-two largest cities and towns had more than half of the state's population but were able to elect only about nine per cent of the house. In addition, those twenty-two cities and towns paid more than sixty-four per cent of the income taxes collected by the state and more than fifty per cent of all local property taxes.

¶ The total population of the 109 smallest towns in the state was less than the population of Burlington (35,531), the state's largest city. But voters in those towns were able to elect 109 representatives at the same time that Burlington residents could elect only a single representative.

¶ The town of Stratton (pop. 38) elected one representative, as did Burlington. Thus, in the election of house members, the vote cast by a Vermonter in Stratton carried nearly 1,000 times the weight of a vote cast by a Vermonter in Burlington.

Other statistics were offered as evidence of the impact of malapportionment on Vermont's governmental structure. In 1961, for instance, each of the representatives of forty of the smallest towns received more money ($2,170) in salary and expenses than his or her town paid to the state in income taxes during the year. In 1955, state funds paid for more than half the total cost of local government operations in ninety-one towns.

Skilled and veteran rural legislators, most of them Republicans elected and re-elected without opposition, used their power as committee chairmen to foster legislation with a rural flavor. In effect, they were subsidizing the operations of scores of small towns that no longer had the resources to survive as governmental units in the 1960's. Meanwhile the

larger cities and towns chafed as their resources were used to help maintain one-room schoolhouses and little-used roads.

Not with a Whimper

Rural exploitation of the cities was denied, of course, by the legislative leadership. One of the leading spokesmen for rural Vermont was Samuel A. Parsons, also sixty-six, a Republican representative of Hubbardton (pop. 238), a town that has been getting smaller since 1820. During one hearing, Parsons told the special panel of Federal judges that the rural majority has been fair with urban interests. He also argued—apparently to no avail— that towns like Hubbardton are necessary because they could continue to function if some form of nuclear destruction ever came to the Federal and state governments. Before his fellow legislators, however, Parsons's argument took a more practical turn. His real point was that reapportionment would shift the big state-aid programs away from the small towns.

The move to reapportion the house got its real impetus in 1962 when Hoff became governor, the first Democrat to gain the office in more than a century. A resident of Burlington, he came to Montpelier with radical ideas about reorganizing Vermont's state and local government along regional rather than town lines. In 1963, Hoff was named the prime defendant in the reapportionment suit filed in U.S. District Court in Burlington. The lawsuit, of course, had his blessing. Indeed, his Burlington law firm did most of the work in preparing and presenting the case.

In response, a group of conservative legislators formed the Committee to Defend the Vermont Constitution, an organization financed by an original $14,000 in local tax funds approved by voters in 140 small towns that contributed $100 each. The CDVC was permitted to join the suit as a defendant intervenor through ten of its leaders, and it carried most of the burden of legal opposition to the reapportionment suit.

In view of the trend of the U.S. Supreme Court decisions in reapportionment cases, it came as no surprise when, in the summer of 1964, the special three-judge panel ordered reapportionment of both houses of the Vermont legislature. Everything after that was anticlimax, but men like Hutchinson and Parsons still refused to concede the futility of the legal and legislative battles that followed. On that sweltering day this May when the struggle finally ended in the house of representatives, State Representative Frank A. Hutchins, sixty-five, a Republican farmer from Stannard (pop. 113), had tears streaming down his face as he voted in what he knew was a losing effort. By that time, many other small-town legislators had bowed to the inevitable and had joined with representatives of larger communities to comply with the Supreme Court order.

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More Cracks In Malaysia

DENIS WARNER

JESSELTON, SABAH

DATO DONALD STEPHENS is not one of the better-known figures in Southeast Asia, nor does his home state of Sabah, with its multiracial population of less than half a million, usually steal much of the political limelight. Yet for a week last August, after Singapore had been ousted from Malaysia, the fate of the rest of the federation rested in Stephens's hands. As the leading politician of what was then North Borneo, his role in helping to create Malaysia was scarcely less than that of Tengku Abdul Rahman or Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew. Though his authority and influence had weakened during the first part of this year, it was no less in his power or in his thoughts to persuade Sabah to secede.

Kuala Lumpur has been heavy-handed in the past in interfering in the internal affairs of Sabah and Sarawak. Many now assume that worse is yet to come. Old fears that Malaya is more interested in a Malay Malaysia than in a Malaysian Malaysia have been revived. Rightly or wrongly, the two territories believed that they were members of a four-state partnership; to be told, in effect, as they were recently by the Tengku during his fleeting visit to the Borneo states (his first to Sarawak since Malaysia was formed), that the loss of Singapore did not entitle them to compensatory rights seemed to confirm their fears.

"We have been the victim of a confidence trick," said the leader of a political party in Sabah who asked not to be identified. "Malaysia was a five-power agreement which has been abrogated by only two of the powers without consultation with the others." Michael Buma, leader of the new Machinda Party in Sarawak, had no misgivings about going on the record. "Malaysia took two years to create and less than two days to wreck," he said. "We came in on the understanding that we were to be treated as equals. Now Kuala Lumpur can use its two-thirds majority in parliament to push anything through and to do anything it likes with us."

Even before the ouster of Singapore, pressure to accelerate the use of Malay as the national language and to replace expatriate British civil servants with Malays from Malaya, the activities in Borneo of the United Malays National Organization, and concern that UMNO extremists were gaining ground at the expense of moderates like the Tengku were among the many causes of disquiet in Borneo. All seem much more sinister now. Every new federation has had its teething troubles, but few have ever been expected to survive such major surgery as Singapore's secession.

Just as Kuala Lumpur regarded northern Borneo's diverse peoples as providing a counterbalance to Singapore's Chinese, so the polyglot Borneans in Sabah and Sarawak, particularly the non-Muslims, looked to Singapore's Chinese population and leadership as a counterbalance to the Malayans. Although Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew did not have the numbers in the Malaysian federal parliament to lead an effective opposition, he was widely counted on in the Borneo territories to exercise a restraining influence on purely Malay policies. His was the true voice, it seemed, of a Malaysian Malaysia.

MUCH DEPENDS now on Malayan restraint and forbearance. Much also depends on Stephens. He is overweight, unwell, emotional, and Eurasian by birth—all factors that would seem to count against his leadership in Southeast Asia today. But his following among Sabah's 150,000 indigenous Kadazans—mixed Christian and pagan peasant farmers, the largest single ethnic group in the state—remains unchallenged. Whether or not he has Australian or New Zealand blood, he is their man, a Kadazan through and through. To every Kadazan and to many thousands of others, he is known and is always referred to as Donald. In addition to English, Malay, Kadazan, and Bajau, the native tongue of Sabah's sixty thousand Muslims, he speaks Hakka and the Cantonese dialect. While he has had his difficulties with the Chinese leadership, the Kadazans and the Chinese get along well together; he is by and large acceptable to Sabah's Chinese, the second larg-

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est (104,000) of the ethnic groups and, uniquely in Southeast Asia, an inward-looking minority that shows no evidence of leanings toward Peking.

Sabah takes pride in its record during the Second World War. It also remembers its heroes, two of whom were Donald Stephens and his father; both were imprisoned and tortured by the Japanese. The younger Stephens suffered the hideous experience of being required to watch as his father was dragged out and shot along with 180 other prisoners.

After the war, Donald began earning his living as a writer of "petitions" (i.e., letters) for the illiterate, and moved on over the years to become the publisher and editor of an English-language newspaper. He founded the United National Kadazan Organization in 1961 and later fused it with a smaller regional group to form the United Pasok Momogun Kadazan Organization (UPKO). Two other communal parties appeared about the same time—the Muslim-led United Sabah National Organization, or USNO, and a fusion of two Chinese parties, the Sabah National Party (SANAP).

Taking a lead from Malayan domestic politics, Donald brought these communal groups together in a single front, the Sabah Alliance Party. In 1962 he became chief minister. Since there was no opposition in the legislative council, the struggle for power occurred within the Sabah Alliance itself. With the backing of the SANAP members, Donald at first became the dominating figure. Then SANAP, which held the balance of power, switched its support to USNO, and Donald, with the connivance of the Tengku, who had already become fearful of his states' rights campaign, was maneuvered out of office. He was appointed federal minister for Sabah affairs in Kuala Lumpur, where he was effectively isolated from Sabah's domestic affairs.

Singapore's secession put an end to that. In a letter handed to the Tengku on the first tee of the Jesselton golf course in the early morning of August 21, Donald resigned from the federal ministry. (Adding insult to injury, he then went on to beat the Tengku in eight of nine holes.) And although Commonwealth pressures dissuaded Donald from leading the open campaign for the secession of Sabah or—equally abhorrent to Kuala Lumpur—taking over again as its chief minister, he is far from finished.

With Commonwealth warnings still fresh in mind, Donald and his Kadazan party are now concentrating their attention on what they call a review of Sabah's terms of entry into Malaysia. Along with many others in Borneo, they are also looking at the alternatives, the political and economic combinations and reshufflings, that might profitably result from a Malaysian shake-up. That Kuala Lumpur has doggedly set itself against change of any sort will accelerate rather than retard the process.

No Exit

Sabah is slightly larger than West Virginia. It has about 450 miles of hard-surface road and 116 miles of railway track. Its per capita income is only about $230. Sandakan, its largest town, has a population of only thirty thousand, and, like Jesselton, the capital, seems to be engaged in a permanent battle of survival with the jungle. While both towns are booming, it is symbolic that Sabah's entrepreneurs seem to find it more profitable to erect their new shops and business houses on land reclaimed from the sea than to push inland and contend with Sabah's dense tropical forests, its mountains that rise to thirteen thousand feet, and its numerous large, swift rivers.

Jesselton, on the edge of the South China Sea, lies a thousand miles from Kuala Lumpur, the Malaysian federal capital. But it is only six hundred miles from Manila. The most obvious alternative to membership in federated Malaysia, therefore, might seem to be an acceptance of the Philippines' claim to Sabah. To the Chinese and the Kadazans on Sabah, however, this is no alternative. The Chinese fear Filipino controls and the Kadazans an extension of Muslim authority through the southern Philippines. Sabah, with its flourishing timber trade with the Philippines, Japan, and Hong Kong, and with large areas already being planted in oil palms and rubber, probably could go it alone as a separate sovereign state. But Sarawak, which is mostly swamp and has no revenue available from its own resources for urgently needed development, could not. Given the predatory habits of the Indonesians just across the border, fragmentation, as all parties now seem aware, would be an invitation to disaster.

The best solution would obviously be to reconcile the irreconcilable, and for Malaysia to reincorporate Singapore. This is out of the question. So, apparently, is Lee's retirement from politics as a means of assuaging Kuala Lumpur's fears of Singapore. I asked Lee if he would be willing to make the sacrifice if it would mean a chance for Malaysia to welcome Singapore back. "All they want in Kuala Lumpur are Chinese eunuchs for their Malay harem," he said. "You know my ministers. They are not eunuchs. It won't make the slightest difference to Kuala Lumpur's attitude whether I am here or not."

Lee, it is clear, intends to remain; there will be no reconciliation. Inevitably, this has led to renewed discussion here in Sabah about the feasibility of creating a union with the other small Borneo states, Sarawak and the oil-rich sultanate of Brunei, perhaps linked as a single unit in political union with Malaya —which could also, with mutual benefit, embrace Singapore in economic union. This would appease Kuala Lumpur's strong feeling against political union with Singapore, while leaving the door ajar for a re-evaluation of its relations with Singapore in years to come. It would also provide the economic incentives that Singapore needs if it is to survive as a prosperous non-Communist state.

IT IS DIFFICULT to establish "opinion" in countries like Sabah and Sarawak, but most responsible people I spoke with estimated that feeling against continued membership in Malaysia on the present terms was running about 60-40 in Sabah and as high as 70-30 in Sarawak. Some of Sarawak's opposition is Communist. When Tengku Abdul Rahman told me in Kuala Lumpur that the British colonial administration of Sarawak had been "disgusting" in allowing Peking to dominate

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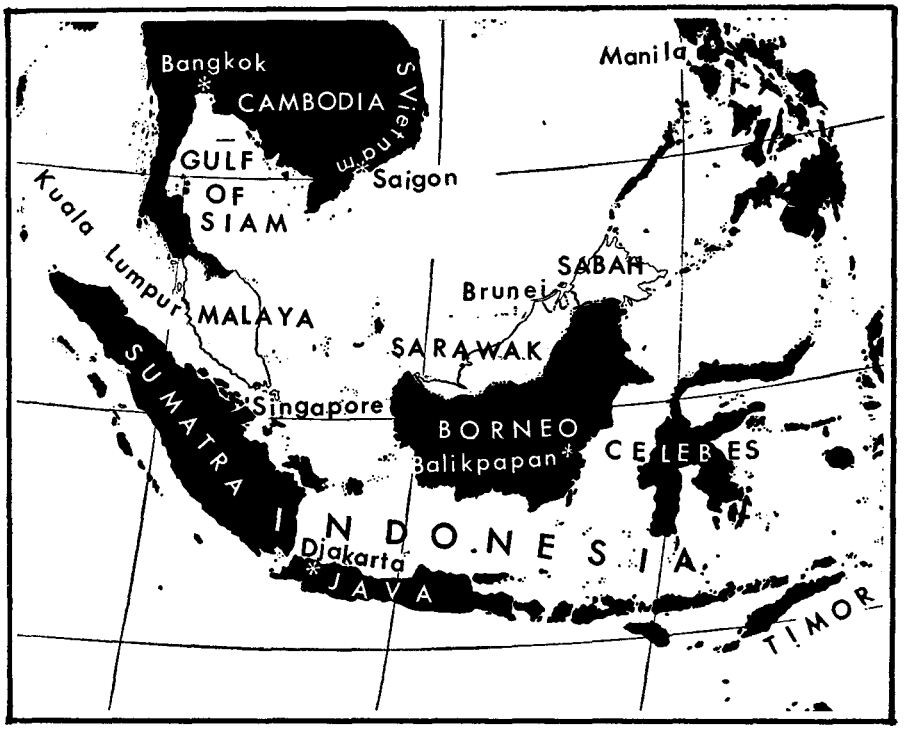

the Chinese population—245,000 out of the 777,000 total—I thought he was giving way to his irritation at the sharp criticism in London for the ousting of Singapore from Malaysia. But he might have been excused, I discovered, if he had used a stronger adjective.

The government of Sarawak is now paying dearly for years of colonial incompetence. An official assessment of the strength of the Clandestine Communist Organization in Sarawak by Major-General G. H. Lea, Director of Borneo Operations, tells the story sparely and starkly. "The main threat is from the Clandestine Communist Organization, whose hard core and cadre members total nearly two thousand," the report states. "There is a militant potential of about double the hard core of which a thousand crossed the border into Indonesian Borneo at the beginning of confrontation. All these persons would be prepared to take up arms if ordered to do so. Potential supporters are mostly members of the Sarawak Farmers' Association, a harmless name for a Communist organization totalling about 20,000. This makes a grand total of about 23,000, which represents 13.6 per cent of the adult Chinese population. In certain areas of Sarawak, Communist domination among the Chinese people is almost complete."

Half again as big as Sabah, Sarawak is even more primitive and backward. It is also much poorer. Most of it is either swamp or mountainous jungle. It has no railways and less than two hundred miles of hard-surface road. No country in Southeast Asia is better suited, in short, for the pursuit of Communist revolutionary war. And to the very real prospect of an internal Communist uprising of major proportions must be added the external threat posed by some 15,000 Indonesian troops assembled along the Sarawak border. It would be no easy task, in these circumstances, to put a Borneo confederation together, to make it function, and to hammer out agreements on political union with Malaya and economic union with Singapore. And yet that is what the situation urgently demands.

The Price of Longevity

Singapore's position is not desperate yet, but if it remains cut off from the market potentialities of Malaysia it cannot hope to survive.

For the time being, Britain is spending $280 million a year on the base and on the forces it maintains in the region for the defense of Singapore and Malaysia. A substantial part of this goes directly into the pockets of the local labor force of 35,000 directly employed in the base; another bonus to the Singapore economy is provided indirectly by the troops and their 50,000 dependents, who are both significant employers of labor and substantial spenders. Lee cannot do without the base—and he knows it. Whether Britain can do without it is another question.

Britain's dilemma is acute. To preserve a major military base on a predominantly Chinese and potentially Communist island and to be dependent on a labor force that could come under Communist control is a hazardous gamble. Yet to remove the base under existing circumstances would undoubtedly hasten the processes it is designed to resist.

Official British circles in Malaysia concede that the secession of Singapore has strengthened the hand of those in Britain who feel that the base should go. At the same time, Lee Kuan Yew has both given and received a firm assurance that for the predictable future, conceivably a very brief period these days, the base will stay. He has also stated in a recent interview that if the British withdraw from either Singapore or Malaysia he would consider asking the Russians to replace them as the guardians of Singapore. The defense agreement covering the base will be renegotiated before the end of the year, but the qualifications that Lee wants to impose on its use, in order to preserve his unaligned and non-Communist but not anti-Communist standing, are unlikely to add to its longevity.

All the queen's horses and all the queen's men couldn't put the original Malaysia together again, but they did succeed in putting into Dato Donald Stephens the fear of the Indonesian devil. When British, Australian, and New Zealand diplomats made it plain that their defense commitments to Sabah applied only as long as it remained within the federation, Stephens wilted and was persuaded to set about re-establishing his own firm political base before challenging the Malay leaders in Kuala Lumpur. His withdrawal took the heat out of the crisis but did not end it.

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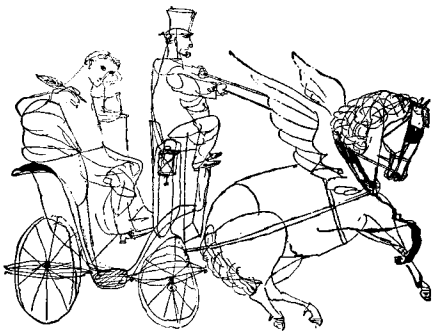

The Fairy Princess

A Parable

DEAN ACHESON

THE Grand Chamberlain and the Court attendants brought the Guest into the Queen's reception room, like a duck guiding a cygnet which had been caught up among the ducklings. After much fluttering, muttering, and busying about, the servants were left, grouped together at the far end of the audience chamber; and the Guest and the Royal Interpreter were led to the raised gold-upholstered sofa, the contribution of a Gallic decorator to the conception of Asian splendor, where the Queen sat, solid, genial, and gray, fanning herself. It was very warm. The Guest bowed, palms pressed together before his chest as in prayer. The Queen inclined her head. Greetings and gifts were exchanged. The Grand Chamberlain, fussing, withdrew out of hearing. The Queen, the Guest, and the Royal Interpreter were alone.

"How did you come?" asked the Queen. "By the new planes?"

"No," said the Guest, "by the old road—but it's no longer that. By the great new road the Americans have made where the old road was, changing everything."

"Not as much as you think," said the Queen. "Did you see the villagers coming to town now that the dry season is here and the river is low?"

"An endless procession," answered the Guest. "Village after village along the shoulder of the highway; miniature oxcarts, miniature oxen, miniature people, miniature dogs—the original essence of dog, father of all breeds of dog—plodding along, cart after cart, trucks and busses roaring past in both directions. The people seem the same; but can they be?"

"Why not? Did you expect them to be taking vitamins made by a Belgian syndicate with their rice? For a thousand years—who knows how many thousand years—the Great River has drawn back and opened its riches to us, tons and tons of fish scooped out of it to give protein and vitamin. Can a highway change that?"

"As you yourself said, Majesty, 'Why not?'" the Guest replied. "Highways, planes, radio, newspapers! Ideas come by them. People look the same. Perhaps act the same. But are they the same? How do you know? You see them from the top; how do they look from the bottom?"

"How does a flower look from the bottom?" asked the Queen. "A tangle of roots and earthworms. I prefer the view from above; but I can see that it is a matter of taste and one's nature."

She stopped, as though reaching beyond the edge of memory, and then went on. "Long ago, when I was a young Princess, I was being driven along this same way in my carriage. Of course it was the old road, before the Americans came. But it was the same time of year, the dry season, and the villagers were coming to the city for fish oil, as you saw them today. Oxcart after oxcart, mile after mile of them; the road was crowded, dusty, and pulsing with life.

"It was late afternoon, and already families were drawing off the road for the night, unyoking the oxen, getting the evening meal, putting the smaller children to bed in the cart. Then we came to a block. Something ahead had stopped traffic. No use to turn, even if we could; for we were soon blocked behind too. So we pushed along, the servants shouting to make way for the Princess. Pretty soon we heard wailing ahead, and soon after came on the reason.

"An ox lay dead beside the road, one of a peasant's span. The entire village had stopped to lament. The tragedy was real enough. To buy another ox would have taken all that had been saved in the year for fish oil. Yet without another ox the family could neither go on nor go back. For the moment the narcotic of lament deadened the dilemma.

"'Find out for me,' I asked a servant, 'the price of an ox.'

"'About a hundred piastres, Highness, give or take a bit depending on the ox,' he reported.

"Looking in my purse, I found just one hundred piastres, no more, no less. Giving them to the servant, I bade him be off to buy an ox. Soon he came back with one, and I sent him with it, as a gift from the King, to the bereaved peasant."

The Queen paused, leaning forward in the intensity of her telling. "In the briefest moment," she went on, "in the twinkling of an eye, all was changed. The wailing stopped. A rising murmur rustled through the people like a freshening breeze through trees. Then cheering, shouts, laughter, and a rush toward my carriage. People kissed my ring, the carriage, the horses. They danced about us. They sang. Where there had been sorrow, now

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was only joy, gaiety, and laughter."

The Queen stopped, but the Guest knew that she had not finished. "Friend," she began again, "you said that I see people only from above and ask how I know what changes them. I might make an answer, but I should like to know yours. Was it, in my story, only the matter of the ox? A dead ox made them sad; a live ox made them gay? Was it as simple as that?"

"No, Majesty," said the Guest. "It was not that; but it was as simple as that."

"No riddles," cried the Queen. "Out with it."

"It was you yourself," replied the Guest. "For you were a fairy princess, and we all know a fairy princess can change things into their opposites. With one wave of her all-powerful wand, the ugly toad is changed into the most beautiful prince, or the fisherman's hut into a marble palace, or the other way around. It was you that day on the old road who changed people, and—if I may speak with the frankness of an old friend—I wouldn't put it past you now."

THE QUEEN burst into laughter; she choked and cried with laughter, until the Grand Chamberlain and the servants began to murmur at the other end of the room. When finally she could speak again and met the Guest's perplexed eye, she said, "Look at me. Just look at me! Do I look like a fairy princess?"

It could not be denied that the Queen had made a point, but the Guest was in no position to admit it. With dignity, he adopted a stern tone.

"Majesty," he said, "the test of a fairy princess is not looks but works. You found sorrow; you changed it into joy. That, if I may put it this way, is the spoor of a fairy princess. Furthermore, with respect and deference, this is not a matter for levity. The books are full of reports of most unfortunate exercises of this power by jesting princesses unaware of what in the Pentagon, a sorcerer's castle, is called their capabilities. Believe me, Most Gracious Queen, and do not take it lightly, a Queen may be as likely as not a more mature fairy princess."

The Queen, smiling a gentle and detached smile, was silent for a long moment. Then bestirring herself, she rose and bowed with her hands pressed together.

"Good night, my friend," she said, now quite regal. "You must leave us while we think about our talk." The Guest withdrew.

In the morning the Prince was abstracted and inattentive during the audience he gave the Guest. When the Guest stopped his narrative for want of a listener, the Prince asked him bluntly, "What is all this that you have said to my mother about her being a fairy princess?"

"Highness," said the Guest, "it was only a manner of speaking."

"Manner of speaking indeed," said the Prince. "You have put ideas into her head. God knows what will come of that."

"Your Highness knows better," the Guest protested. "Not put them into her head. They were all there. Only stirred them up and set them circulating."

"Put it any way you like," said the Prince wearily. "She's off again on her passion for changing people. I think she gets it from the Americans. At any rate, it makes me nervous when she talks that way."

"What way, Highness?"

"Well, to begin with, she says that if I do not mind the diet she has prescribed for me, she will turn me from a Prince into an elephant, and ride on me."

"Please, Highness, have no doubt of it. She will. But that, you say, is to begin with. After that, what?"

"Then she wants to change the Americans."

"Into what? Into what?" breathed the Guest.

HE THOUGHT of the hundreds of Americans he had seen that day —three hundred, four hundred, five hundred—devoted, uncomplicated prophets of progress, planting new crops, building new roads, showing new weapons, upsetting the ancient harmony between the death rate and the birth rate, breaking the repose of untouched minds with Roman letters and Arabic figures, happy in their propagation of the faith. Suddenly he was all but paralyzed by panic, seeing these people as the inhabitants of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, just before the dam burst. How could they be warned? Would they believe a warning?

"Into what?" he asked again. "Into what?"

"That's just it." The Prince embodied exasperation. "I can't get it out of her. She just won't say another word."

O Apple Tree

An apple tree, a man, a rib,
A serpent's mildly vicious fib
Sewed Eve a tucker and a bib.

And breasts that once were frank and free
To Adam's hands roving *ad lib*
Became a secret and a trap.

He learned the art of being glib,
She learned how not to do but be.
She stitched a target on a lap.

And soon it wasn't two but three,
Then after him a shepherd chap
Who took a knifeful from his sib.

Cain wiped his blade and bought a crib.
O apple tree, O man, O rib.

—CHAD WALSH

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Sketches of Uganda

JOHN NAGENDA

SIX YEARS AGO, I drove with friends through the mountainous kingdom of Toro, in western Uganda, making for the Congo border. The brown mountain road twisted and turned on itself as if looking for its tail. On our left, a relentless cliff accompanied us the whole way. Beyond that, lying along Uganda's western border, were the Ruwenzori Mountains, more romantically called the Mountains of the Moon, sixteen thousand feet high, now shrouded in clouds. On our right there was a sheer drop yawning far below. The very air seemed suspended. In the car, we all grew tense as I drove. We stopped from time to time as if for fresh courage to carry on, or to watch the hot bubbling sulphur pool in which you could cook an egg or ease your rheumatism if you could stand a dip in it. We silently watched a river leap away into the papyrus as if we had frightened it, and a tiny lake without waves—a virgin thing surrounded by bush. Suddenly we turned a corner and the Congo lay before us, below and beyond the mountainside. It spread out to the horizon in all directions, a seething green canvas of forest, menacing in its absolute quietness, so that my fancy saw it as a manifestation, in physical reality, of the dark, thunderous thoughts underneath a man's mind.

Farther south along this border, in the district of Kigezi, the pattern of mountains and precarious mountain roads is repeated. There Mount Muhavura is still sporadically active, and some nights it will stain the sky with a golden-red glow. The entire sides of mountains are under cultivation, suggesting massive patchwork quilts. And supported in the branches of trees are oblong beehives. Sometimes a mist thick as a foamy blanket covers the land, so that the tips of mountains stick out like the ears of mammoth slumbering beasts.

The eastern border of Uganda is also guarded by a mountainous range. When you stand in the town of Mbale, below Mount Elgon, and look upwards at the mountains, you sometimes see flashing tongues of water stand out against the rough green background and plunge downwards in a series of falls. This is the country of rocks. Farther north the land becomes flatter. But here and there beside the road are families of rock, heaped on top of each other firmly but haphazardly. The greatest of them all is Tororo Rock, a whole small mountain of solid rock sprouting up vertically from the ground and visible for miles around.

Then there are the great plains of Ankole in the midwest, where dwarfed trees and small bushes hover over monotonous scrub for miles together. The road now runs straight and flat, and there are few people on it. From time to time you will see a great huddle of cattle with a forest of white horns, and a spear-wielding herdsman or two. This is traditionally lion country. Even now only the foolhardy will venture far afield at night without the protection of a car. But most of Uganda is made up of small hills and valleys melting into the distance on a clear day. The greenness can be startling, with an almost make-believe lushness, especially after a strong shower.

In the game reserves, it is as if you had left the kingdom of men for the kingdom of animals; animals that have a life of their own rather than one spent on man's terms, so that they no longer need to clown or whine to be noticed. After a time you realize that in this context it is you in your little bubble of a car who are on show—if the animals are interested.

•

THE STORY is told of Kintu, the first man from Buganda, one of the four ancient kingdoms that are part of Uganda. In those earliest days, Kintu lived alone on Earth with his sole companion and source of food, the cow. He ate its droppings and drank its milk. Then one day his cow was stolen. Desolate and hungry, Kintu set out to find it, following the hoofprints that led to Heaven. He was brought to Heaven himself, who promptly set him some difficult tasks, among them breaking a mountain of rock and eating a mountain of food. He succeeded with the help of forces he had been kind to, and decided, despite all invitations, to return to Earth with his cow. But he also wanted to take with him Nambi, Heaven's daughter. When Heaven finally gave his permission, Nambi's brother Walumbe (Death) was absent; he would never have consented to his favorite sister's departure. The happy couple set off with the cow and also with a chicken that Nambi was bringing with her. Halfway back to Earth, Nambi remembered that she had not brought her chicken's favorite food and went back to fetch it, much against Kintu's advice. She soon returned, but behind her was her brother Walumbe. And so it was that Death was introduced to Earth.

Folklore played a very important part in our lives when we were young. Now things are changing. The children will probably be at boarding school, where the atmosphere is

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not ideal for whimsy and fantasy, or if they are at home they might be poring over their homework, or listening to the radio or watching television. But memories come back of rapt evenings spent listening to these tales, when the little light remaining was just right to send you creeping into bygone days you did not completely understand.

•

WHEN I WAS SIX I went to our village school. On my first day, I remember, I wore a khaki shirt and khaki shorts and a belt of red and white stripes. Most of the other boys and girls were much older than I. One particular brute who was the form captain hit me on the head with an empty cartridge shell that I had given him the same day. Most of the children had to walk long distances to go to school, some of them as far as ten miles a day.

In time I went to boarding school at Budo, the oldest and, to us, the only school in Uganda! The hill of Budo is also famous because it is there that the Kabaka (King) of Buganda—the kingdom in central Uganda from which Uganda takes its name—is traditionally crowned. And you can still find the myth-old snakes that traditionally are part of the ceremony. It is a shock when you stumble upon these sacred snakes, indolent and thick and with a tiny horn in their heads, sleeping without movement in the shade.

At school we learned all the ordinary subjects as well as Luganda, the language of the area. For hobbies we could take anything from carpentry to typewriting to dispensary work to chess. Those who volunteered for communal work built houses for old people and constructed roads in villages around the school. We participated in a great number of games, including cricket, soccer, track, tennis, and swimming. And there would be duels of Ugandan wrestling, to satisfy some childish honor, with the contestants surrounded by a circle of chanting maniacs. We also had many societies—Debating, African Literature, English Literature, Science, Politics. There was a breathlessly popular one called the Domus Society to which only the two senior classes could belong since it discussed sexual and related matters. We had concerts and we put on plays, and an end-of-the-year pantomime. One of my schoolmates even wrote a full-length musical in which I appeared, embarrassing to recall, as some kind of dancer with wings on my shoulders. I was very young and very small.

When in the holidays we went back to our homes, it was like somebody who had left a small boat traveling along a river, boarded an airplane and flown rapidly away, only to be returned to the boat which is still patiently pursuing its course. Once more at home, you changed rhythm; a certain unnecessary feverishness went out of it, and

you had more time to look around you. You were part of a family that spread beyond your immediate home, and now everybody you met knew you, and you were again immersed in their lives and problems. School seemed foreign.

And when school reassembled, all the faces were different, each still registering different vacation experiences. There was a strangeness about those who had been living in the really remote places, which they would now have to brush off even as they put on their school uniforms. And there would be the more obvious changes. Somebody had lost his father; therefore, his head might be completely shaven. Someone was whispering in the dark of lights-out how his neighbor in the village had been killed by invisible power sent by a medicine man. Another person had seen his mother being beaten by his father and had been powerless to interfere. The father of a great friend of mine had just got a new wife, his thirtieth, who was much younger than my friend. There were constant tales of the hardship of accumulating school fees.

•

AFTER SCHOOL, if you were in the lucky tiny minority, you went to the university at Makerere. Many others who had passed their examinations would be debarred by the chronic lack of places available. Makerere has a whole big hill to itself, only a mile outside the capital city of Kampala. The curriculum by now, of course, was similar to university teaching anywhere. The freedom was boundless and went to our heads like punch. We did not have to pay fees, and were even given some spending money by the state. We became rather spoiled. Nightclub owners rubbed their hands with glee when we returned to college, and the narrow dormitory windows would be full of students stealing back in the tiny hours of the morning. Once I got stuck in the window bars and had to be pulled through by an accomplice so that I lost the buttons of my coat. And there was a terrible occasion when a final-year medical student, drunk as a lord, fell to his death as he tried to get into his third-floor window. As the examinations drew near, the sick bay would be filled with nervous cases, the result of too much work crammed into too small a space of time. But it was worth it. And the talk was of Shakespeare and T. S. Eliot and Karl Marx and Einstein.

Now indeed our village traditions might seem to have settled to the bottom, where they slept without

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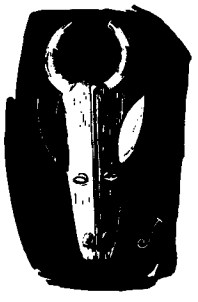
effect, and the brooding corners of villages where no light seemed to reach were far away. There, while we were growing up, the wind on a quiet night would carry the voices and drums of an unknown ceremony. My family had always been a trifle superior in the village, and we were Christians to boot. All the same, something in the singing and the shouting would have the power to send fear pounding in the chests of us kids, brought on by sensations deep beneath the skin.

And then, too, the talk might turn to people who danced naked on graves in the night and of witch doctors who could arrange a curse to fall upon you so that blows rained on you from invisible hands, and of native doctors who could cure a broken arm without touching it, with the patient many villages away (the father of a friend of mine at Harvard was famous for this). Oh, we trembled then! There is documented research to show that these native doctors have cured psychological and physical disorders where western medicine failed. But now these memories had been rendered rusty and harmless by time.

And yet, while we were at college my friend Kez was summoned, as head of his family, to go to his village because a spell had been put on his younger brother for fidgeting around with a man's wife. My friend went and did not come back for a week. When he returned and I facetiously asked him about his trip, a haunted, convinced look came over his face as he said, "All I can say is that things happen down there which you won't credit. More



things take place than we are ever aware of. They have added to my feeling for the unknown and I have been very frightened." He would not say another word and I did not press him. I was remembering the white chicken and white goat we had found slaughtered many years ago, and the grass flattened all around them where a group of people had sat through the night. But now in the morning they were gone, leaving what they had done behind them. The missionaries told us that it was a deed of evil. And we shivered, chilled.

•

It is at times of stress that Ugandans become truly themselves. During the twilight of a person's life, he is not regarded as a dead limb to be hacked off and sent to a nursing home. He continues to be part of the family, respected because of his age, until he succumbs. When death visits, it is as if catastrophe covered the world, not only for the bereaved family but for friends as well. There are no funeral directors. The closest friends and relatives will come and stay, helping around the house, preparing the funeral and afterwards just giving their company. All is desolation and quiet voices. Sometimes, if the person has been a great Christian, there will be singing because he has gone to a better place. For the funeral itself nearly the entire village will be there, and also friends and relatives from all over the country. After a respectful time has elapsed, say a couple of months, a great feast may be held at which an heir is proclaimed amid much drinking and revelry. The occasion is called "The Bursting of Death." Life must go on.

•

Kampala, the capital of Uganda, is a lovely little city. There was a time when it was built on seven hills, like Rome, but it grew. Its population is over 100,000. When you stand on top of one of the highest hills, you look down on a well-planned garden town where the green runs in and out between the buildings, sometimes covering them from view altogether. And in the distance is Lake Victoria, the second largest lake in the world. There are men still alive who remember when Kampala was completely bush.

It is a very informal and relaxed town, well known for its bars and nightclubs. Indeed, there are a couple of nightclubs that have never locked their doors since they were opened, serving their customers twenty-four hours a day, every day. Once I remember looking for my friend Silas on a Saturday because we had a cricket game. Then I remembered that on Thursday he had said he was going to a nightclub. And sure enough we found him there, getting weak it is true, not having left the place in two days. Everybody goes to these places because they are so inexpensive. Inside you find ministers of government, taxi drivers, college lecturers and college students, prostitutes, mistresses and sometimes wives, magistrates and judges, detectives, and criminals and the petty thieves who come from the slums that fester on the outskirts of Kampala. Dress is completely informal although they will not allow Bermuda shorts.

On Saturdays Kampala really bursts into life. As the crowds come in to shop, the town is one steady shout of colors and car horns and unceasing movement. The driving, which is always bad, becomes terrible. Inside the shops, the haggling over prices goes on with the Indian shopkeepers. Down in the marketplace and at the taxi stands, the noise knocks into you until you are numb. As evening comes, muffled roars inform you of the whereabouts of a soccer game, and in the surrounding villages the dancing drums begin. Before long it will be Saturday night in Kampala and the real party can start.

Three of Kampala's hills are topped by places of religious worship: two great cathedrals, one Protestant and one Catholic, and a mosque. I remember a laborer once being asked about the state of his soul. He snorted, "The white man came to this country and said, 'Shut your eyes and let us pray.' When we opened them our land was gone. We grumbled and he told us that our kingdom was in heaven. That is what I think of religion." But to many Ugandans religion is high fashion, and quite a few believe in it.

As I remember them now, with nostalgia, all Sundays at home were similar. The absence of the noise and bustle of working weekdays seemed always to affect the weather, so that it was clear and sunlit without being too hot. Over everything

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hung an air of Sunday quiet. Birds flew on silent wings and seemed to stop twittering, the drone of the bees heightened the sense of inactivity, and even the tough grasses outside stood still. And the mood had passed into the congregation of worshipers: they had on their solemn, even meek, listening Sunday faces, although everyone knew what they were up to Saturday night. The sermon thundered on and on until it was necessary for my father to poke me in the ribs, spoiling my sleep. Some of the preacher's remarks got flinchingly personal. Afterwards we poured through the doors into the waiting sunshine. Soon it would be time for the main meal of the week.

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THE GREATEST single factor in the Ugandan character is that no one in the country need ever starve. Villagers have enough land to grow what they need to eat, and a large number of them will have enough left over to send their children to at least the first years of school. Life therefore is less of a struggle than in most other parts of the world. Inevitably, however, only a minority of Ugandans ever have the impulse to fight for great things, and quite a number are satisfied with doing nothing. I have seen men who had such tattered shirts on their backs that the holes amounted to more than the cloth, giving the impression that the tatters were there to hold the holes together. I have also seen men sit around all day playing *mweso,* an intricate number game played with small round stones or tea seeds in squares hollowed into a wooden slab, or, failing that, simply using squares scooped out of the ground. All day they sat, muttering to themselves, furrowing their foreheads with concentration, while spectators shouted out at each clever move, slapping their thighs. To me, these remain moments when men defeated time by ignoring it.

And yet, there can be few harder-working people than the peasant farmer in Uganda, fewer still who have more dignity and presence. He has his own bit of land. He is full of a confidence born of the fact that he has carved out a place for himself in which he wields authority, and has built himself a house in which he is secure. He finds it difficult to believe that there is anybody better than he is, or a life more suitable than his life. Women kneel when they talk to him and he likes to think that he is in unquestioned control. In fact his wives will tell you that, provided they play him right, they have him where they want him, for they know ways of twisting his arm so that he likes it. It must be added that he can be chronically narrow-minded.

•

SOME of my best moments were spent in the village. At the sunset hour, the sharp, flat noises of day mellow and become soft. The shadows lie thin and long upon the ground. This is the hour when people make for home, and the thought of home is in their faces. They are looking ahead to the time when they will shut their doors against the night and lie down for rest in the company of their families. This mass movement homeward never seems to have the same force in the cities. By the time it is dark, the lanes in our village are almost empty of human beings and the small animals come out to play. Snatches of light here and there tell where the houses sleep, surrounded by their gardens of food.

A friend of mine was asked on a visit to Sweden whether we still lived in trees in Uganda. "Yes," he said, incensed. "In the richest families the father has a tree, the mother has a tree, and each of the children has a tree." There will be howls when I repeat the story in Uganda.

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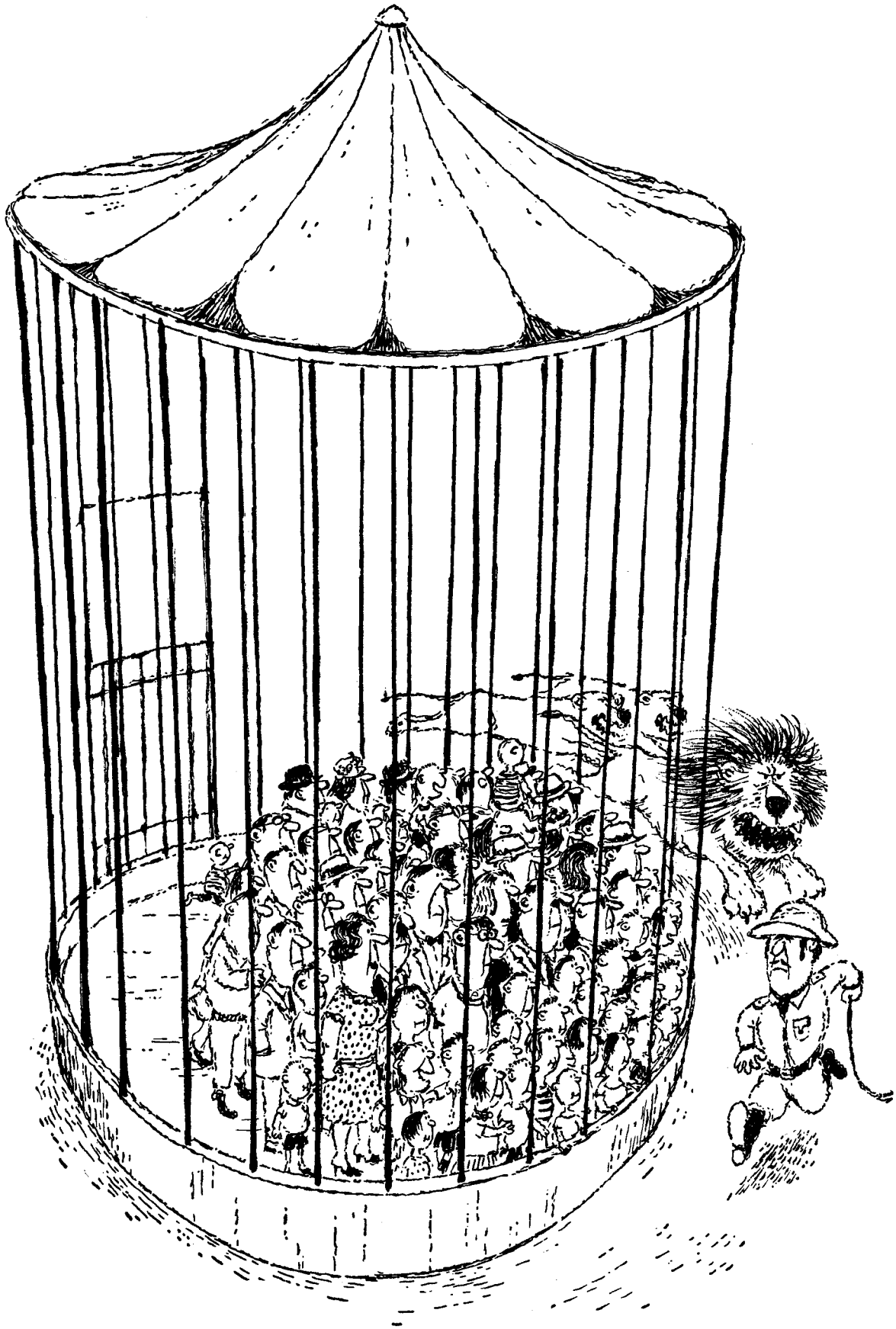

By Fernando Krahn

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BOOKS

'Dying Is an Art'

GEORGE STEINER

I HAVE NOT READ *The Bell Jar*, a novel that Sylvia Plath published under the name of Victoria Lucas. The rest of her work consists of two volumes of poems: *The Colossus*, first published in England in 1960, and *Ariel*, published in London last spring two years after her death, together with a number of poems first printed in *Encounter*. Some of these have not been included in the posthumous collection.

It is fair to say that no group of poems since Dylan Thomas's *Deaths and Entrances* has had as vivid and disturbing an impact on English critics and readers as has *Ariel*. Sylvia Plath's last poems have already passed into legend as both representative of our present tone of emotional life and unique in their implacable, harsh brilliance. Those among the young who read new poetry will know "Daddy," "Lady Lazarus," and "Death & Co." almost by heart, and reference to Sylvia Plath is constant where poetry and the conditions of its present existence are discussed.

THE SPELL does not lie wholly in the poems themselves. The death of Sylvia Plath at the age of thirty-one in 1963, and the personality of this young woman who had come from Massachusetts to study and live in England (where she married Ted Hughes, himself a gifted poet), are vital parts of it. To those who knew her and to the greatly enlarged circle who were electrified by her last poems and sudden death, she had come to signify the specific honesties and risks of the poet's condition. Her personal style, and the price in private harrowing she so obviously paid to achieve the intensity and candor of her principal poems, have taken on their own dramatic authority.

All this makes it difficult to judge the poems. I mean that the vehemence and intimacy of the verse is such as to constitute a very powerful rhetoric and sincerity. The poems play on our nerves with their own proud nakedness, making claims so immediate and sharply urged that the reader flinches, embarrassed by the routine discretions and evasions of his own sensibility. Yet if these poems are to take life among us, if they are to be more than exhibits in the history of modern psychological stress, they must be read with all the intelligence and scruple we can muster. They are too honest, they have cost too much, to be yielded to myth.

One of the most striking poems in *Colossus*, "All the Dead Dears," tells of a skeleton in the Cambridge museum of classical antiquities:

> How they grip us through thin and
> thick,
> These barnacle dead!
> This lady here's no kin
> Of mine, yet kin she is: she'll suck
> Blood and whistle my marrow clean
> To prove it. As I think now of her head,
>
> From the mercury-backed glass
> Mother, grandmother, greatgrandmother
> Reach hag hands to haul me in,
> And an image looms under the fishpond
> surface
> Where the daft father went down
> With orange duck-feet winnowing his
> hair—

On a small scale, the lines illustrate a good deal of Sylvia Plath's tactics and syntax of feeling. The short lines are paced with superb, seemingly offhand control. The half-rhymes, cross-rhymes, and alliterations give tautness to what might otherwise seem an arbitrary measure. The allusion to *The Duchess of Malfi* ("When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden, Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake") is nicely judged. The motifs touched on, moreover, are those which organize much of Sylvia Plath's poetry: the generation of women knit by blood and death, the dead reaching out to haul the living into their shadowy vortex, the personage of the father somehow sinister and ineffectual, the poet literally bled and whistled clean by the cruel, intricate quality of felt life.

"Watercolour of Grantchester Meadows" is explicitly conventional in setting and tone. But at the close, this version of pastoral deflects abruptly into darkness and muted hysteria:

> Droll, vegetarian, the water rat
> Saws down a reed and swims from his
> limber grove,
> While the students stroll or sit,
> Hands laced, in a moony indolence of
> love—
> Black-gowned, but unaware
> How in such mild air
> The owl shall stoop from his turret,
> the rat cry out.

The black gowns, which are merely the ordinary garb of the Cambridge undergraduate, are so placed as to alert the reader to mourning; the vegetarian cries out under the sudden beak of the carnivore. One recognizes the props: the moon, the reed-fringed water, the owl and turret. They are a part of that Gothic strain which is so constant beneath the surface of English lyric poetry, and which has been reinforced in modern verse by its consonance with the mortalities and erotic conceits of the Metaphysicals and Jacobeans.

THIS PENCHANT for the Gothic effect seems to me to weaken much of Sylvia Plath's earlier verse, and it extends into her mature work. She used Gothicism in a particular way, making the formal terrors an equivalent to genuine and complex shocks of feeling, but the modish element is undeniable. Her resources were, however, more diverse. Possessed of a rare intensity and particularity of nervous response—the "disquieting muses" had stood at the left side of her crib "with heads like darning-eggs"—Sylvia Plath tested different symbolic means, different modes of concretion, with which to articulate what rang so queer and clear inside her. It is almost silly to argue "influences" when dealing with a young poet of this honesty and originality. But one can locate the impulses that helped her find her own voice. Wallace Stevens for one:

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Acrostician—

PHAN HUY QUAT

Death whitens in the egg and out of it. I can see no colour for this whiteness. White: it is a complexion of the mind.

Or Emily Dickinson, whose authority gives a poem like "Spinster" its spiky charm:

And round her house she set
Such a barricade of barb and check. . . .

The tactile, grim precision of D. H. Lawrence's observations of animal and vegetable is recognizable in "Medallion" and "Blue Moles." These poets, together with Andrew Marvell and the Jacobean dramatists, seem to have meant a lot. But the final poem in *Colossus,* a seven-part garland "For a Birthday," is unmistakable. In at least three sections, "Dark House," "Maenad," and "The Stones," Sylvia Plath writes in a way that is brilliantly hers. Had one been shown only the last six lines, one would have known—or should have—that a formidable compulsion was implicit and that a new, mature style had been achieved:

Love is the bone and sinew of my curse.
The vase, reconstructed, houses
The elusive rose.

Ten fingers shape a bowl for shadows.
My mendings itch. There is nothing to do.
I shall be good as new.

Undoubtedly, the success of this poem arises from the fact that Sylvia Plath had mastered her essential theme, the situation and emotive counters around which she was henceforth to build much of her verse: the infirm or rent body, and the imperfect, painful resurrection of the psyche, pulled back, unwilling, to the hypocrisies of health. It is a theme already present in *Colossus* ("Two Views of a Cadaver Room"). It dominates, to an obsessive degree, much of *Ariel.* As "Lady Lazarus" proclaims:

Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It requires no biographical impertinence to realize that Sylvia Plath's life was harried by bouts of physical pain, that she sometimes looked on the accumulated exactions of her own nerve and body as "a trash/To annihilate each decade." She was haunted by the piecemeal, strung-together mechanics of the flesh, by what could be so easily broken and then mended with such searing ingenuity. The hospital ward was her exemplary ground:

My patent leather overnight case like a black pillbox,
My husband and child smiling out of the family photo;
Their smiles catch onto my skin, little smiling hooks.

This brokenness, so sharply feminine and contemporary, is, I think, her principal realization. It is by the graphic expression she gave to it that she will be judged and remembered. Sylvia Plath carries forward, in an intensely womanly and aggravated note, from Robert Lowell's *Life Studies,* a book that obviously had a great impact on her. This new frankness of women about the specific hurts and tangles of their nervous-physiological makeup is as vital to the poetry of Sylvia Plath as it is to the tracts of Simone de Beauvoir or to the novels of Edna O'Brien and Brigid Brophy. Women speak out as never before:

The womb
Rattles its pod, the moon
Discharges itself from the tree with nowhere to go.
("Childless Woman")

They have swabbed me clear of my loving associations.
Scared and bare on the green plastic-pillowed trolley. . . .
("Tulips")

It is difficult to think of a precedent to the fearful close of "Medusa" (the whole poem is extraordinary):

I shall take no bite of your body,
Bottle in which I live,

Ghastly Vatican.
I am sick to death of hot salt.
Green as eunuchs, your wishes
Hiss at my sins.
Off, off, eely tentacle!

There is nothing between us.

The ambiguity and dual flash of insight in this final line are of a richness and obviousness that only a very great poem can carry off.

The progress registered between the early and the mature poems is one of concretion. The general

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Gothic means with which Sylvia Plath was so fluently equipped become singular to herself and therefore fiercely honest. What had been style passes into need. It is the need of a superbly intelligent, highly literate young woman to cry out about her especial being, about the tyrannies of blood and gland, of nervous spasm and sweating skin, the rankness of sex and childbirth in which a woman is still compelled to be wholly of her organic condition. Where Emily Dickinson could—indeed was obliged to—shut the door on the riot and humiliations of the flesh, thus achieving her particular dry lightness, Sylvia Plath "fully assumed her own condition." This alone would assure her of a place in modern literature. But she took one step further, assuming a burden that was not naturally or necessarily hers.

BORN in Boston in 1932 of German and Austrian parents, Sylvia Plath had no personal, immediate contact with the world of the concentration camps. I may be mistaken, but so far as I know there was nothing Jewish in her background. But her last, greatest poems culminate in an act of identification, of total communion with those tortured and massacred. The poet sees herself on

An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer
of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.
With my gypsy ancestress and my weird
luck
And my Tarot pack and my Tarot pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.

Distance is no help; nor the fact that one is "guilty of nothing." The dead men cry out of the yew hedges. The poet becomes the loud cry of their choked silence:

Herr God, Herr Lucifer
Beware
Beware.

Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
And I eat men like air.

Here the almost surrealistic wildness

Please let her know you care . . .

ESTHELA RODRIGUEZ. ECUADORIAN. AGE 8. One of large family. Father peddler. Mother looks after house and children. Father earns less than $1.50 a day. Live in filthy slum in small bamboo house built over muddy water. Crowded. Unhealthy. No water. No sewage. Kitchen stove in outside shed. Two skimpy meals a day. No milk. Always hungry. Children in rags. Struggle to keep Esthela in school. Dreams of becoming a nurse. Parents sick with worry over children they cannot feed, clothe, educate. Help to Esthela means help to whole family.

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of the gesture is kept in place by the insistent obviousness of the language and beat; a kind of Hieronymus Bosch nursery rhyme.

Sylvia Plath is only one of a number of young contemporary poets, novelists, and playwrights, themselves in no way implicated in the actual holocaust, who have done most to counter the general obscenity of forgetting the death camps. Perhaps it is only those who had no part in the events who *can* focus on them rationally and imaginatively; to those who experienced the thing, it has lost the hard edges of possibility, it has stepped outside the real.

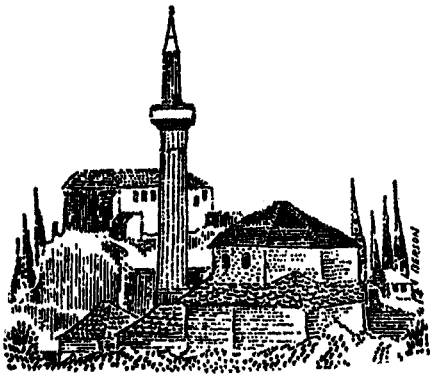
Committing the whole of her insight to the metaphor, Sylvia Plath *became* a woman being transported to Auschwitz on the death trains. The notorious shards of massacre seemed to enter into her own being:

> A cake of soap,
> A wedding ring,
> A gold filling.

In "Daddy" she wrote one of the very few poems I know of in any language to come near the last horror. It achieves the classic act of generalization, translating a private, obviously intolerable hurt into a code of plain statement, of instantaneously public images which concern us all. It is the "Guernica" of modern poetry.

ARE these final poems entirely legitimate? In what sense does anyone, himself uninvolved and long after the event, commit a subtle larceny when he invokes the echoes and trappings of Auschwitz and appropriates an enormity of ready emotion to his own private design? Was there latent in Sylvia Plath's sensibility, as in that of many of us who remember only by fiat of imagination, a fearful envy, a dim resentment at not having been there, of having missed the rendezvous with hell? In "Lady Lazarus" and "Daddy" the realization seems to me so complete, the sheer fineness and control so great, that only irresistible need could have brought it off. These poems take tremendous risks, extending Sylvia Plath's essentially austere manner to the very limit. They are a bitter triumph, proof of the capacity of poetry to give to reality the greater permanence of the imagined. She could not return from them.

Already there are poets writing like Sylvia Plath. Certain of her angular mannerisms, her elisions and monotonies of deepening rhyme, can be caught and will undoubtedly have their fashion. But minor poets even of a great intensity—and that is what she was—tend to prove bad models. Sylvia Plath's tricks of voice can be imitated. Not her desperate integrity.



Byzantine Mosaic

GORE VIDAL

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE 1453, by Steven Runciman. *Cambridge University Press. $6.50.*

One of the laws of physics as yet unrevised by the masters of the second of the Two Cultures is that in nature there can be no action without reaction. This law also appears to hold true in human nature. Praise Aristides too much for his justice and people will think him unjust. Evoke once too often a vision of golden youths listening to wise old men in the green shade of Academe and someone will snarl that those Athenian youths were a dreary lot taught by self-serving protofascists of whom Plato was the worst. Depict Byzantium as the last custodian of the Greek heritage, destroyed by barbarous Turks, and Professor H. R. Trevor-Roper will promptly ask the readers of the *New Statesman:* "As a living political system, was the Byzantine Empire, at least in its decline, really better than the Ottoman Empire, at least in its heyday?" Though Trevor-Roper indicates that his own answer to the question is negative, the question itself is a useful one to ask, particularly now.

During the last forty years the attitude of the West toward Byzantium has changed from indifferent contempt (best expressed by Gibbon) to a fascinated admiration for that complex and resourceful society which endured for a thousand years, governed by Roman emperors in direct political descent from Constantine the Great, who transformed the ruined village of Byzantium at the junction of Europe and Asia into the New Rome. When the Western Empire broke up in the fifth century, Constantinople alone maintained the reality and the mystique of the Caesars. The city's long and perilous success story has so aroused the admiration of recent scholars that there is indeed a tendency to glorify Byzantium at the expense of the Ottoman Turks. As Professor Trevor-Roper suggests, the Turks must have had virtues quite as notable as the legendary vices of the Byzantines.

Fortunately, a partial answer to Professor Trevor-Roper's question is provided by the book he was reviewing when he asked it, *The Fall of Constantinople 1453,* by Sir Steven Runciman, a writer of history peculiarly unaffected by an age in which scholars quite as much as popular novelists delight in publicity and ingenious argument. Was Hitler mad? evil? Neither, maintains one usually responsible historian: he was simply a better than average politician who shared no more than

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an ordinary amount of guilt for a war made inevitable by a generation of political blunderers.

Elsewhere historians, not content with telling what happened, now reveal exactly *why* it happened, ordering events in such a way as to fit some encompassing and to them entirely satisfying theory of history. Alongside the publicists and grand designers, Sir Steven looks to be curiously demure. He tells his story plain. Since God has not revealed any master plan to him, he does not feel impelled to preach "truth" to us. He does make judgments but only after he has made his case. He likes a fact and distrusts a theory. He is most pleasurable to read, and his new book describing the conquest of Constantinople is one of his best.

THE END of the Byzantine Empire began in 1204, when the crusaders seized Constantinople and divided much of the empire among themselves. This terrible deed was particularly dishonorable considering that the crusades' pious object had been the freeing of the Holy Sepulchre and the turning back of the Moslems. Instead, the crusaders greedily seized what belonged to their fellow Christians while making practical accommodations with the infidel. Simultaneously, the Pope did his best to bring the "schismatic" Greek Church back into the fold.

Not until 1261 were our ancestors ("those dark and wandering tribes . . . among them neither grace nor muse takes shelter") driven out of Constantinople by Michael Paleologus, founder of the last dynasty. But despite the vigor of that dynasty's domestic and foreign policies and the sudden artistic revival in the capital and at Mistra, the empire never recovered from the Fourth Crusade. By the end of the fourteenth century, only part of the Morea, the cities of Constantinople and Thessalonica, and a few odd holdings remained to the Roman emperors, who, possibly as a result of their experience with contemporary Romans, took note at last that their culture as well as language was entirely Greek. Proudly, as Hellenes and not *Romaioi*, the last Byzantines now presented themselves to the world.

Two centuries after the Byzantine

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Hellenic revival under the Comneni and the Angeli, the western Renaissance began and with it a new interest in matters Greek, both contemporary and ancient, as well as a new and perhaps guilty sympathy for the beleaguered emperor. Much of this sympathy was due to the gradual dispersal of Byzantine scholars to Europe, a "brain drain" that began at least a generation before the city fell.

From the beginning of the thirteenth century, Tartar victories in the East caused a great removal of Turks from Anatolia to the Balkans. By 1410 there were more Turks in Europe than in Asia Minor, further isolating the city from its old empire. Finally, with the fall of Thessalonica in 1430, it was plain that barring divine intervention, the absorption of Constantinople was only a matter of time.

Although divine intervention was never entirely ruled out, human intervention was sought, particularly by John VIII Paleologus, who made the round of European capitals begging for aid. He was received respectfully, even warmly, but his mission was a failure. For one thing, the Holy See had made it plain that the price of a new crusade would be the submission of the Greek Church to Rome. Sir Steven is especially illuminating as he describes the various wrangles at Constantinople for and against union, including the celebrated remark Lucas Notaras is supposed to have made: "Better the Sultan's turban than a Cardinal's hat."

In 1448 John VIII died and was succeeded by his forty-four-year-old brother Constantine XI, a shadowy figure whose fate it was to be the last Emperor of the East. At the time it was considered ominous that the new ruler's name was Constantine; that the first and the last rulers of the city should have the same name is tribute to that neatness to which history is prone. Lacking money for mercenaries and a land empire for ordinary recruitment, Constantine engaged in a desperate diplomacy to obtain western aid, while spending what resources he did have on fortifying the city. Again the Pope insisted that the Greek Church submit to Rome. For a time there was stalemate. Then Murad II, that most civilized of sultans, died in 1451 and was succeeded by his son Mehmet II, a fierce youth of nineteen. When Mehmet's vizier came to him with gifts, the new sultan pushed them aside and said, "Only one thing I want. Give me Constantinople."

The siege began on April 2, 1453. Four months earlier, Constantine had finally submitted to the Pope, but no aid came from Italy. Every advantage was now with the Turks, including a Hungarian armorer named Urban who had previously offered his services to the emperor, who could not afford them. Urban then presented himself to the sultan, who engaged him to build the cannon that shattered the walls. Mehmet's army numbered some eighty thousand men; the defenders numbered less than seven thousand. Nevertheless, the Christians fought valiantly, and not until May 29 did the Turks break into the city by way of a gate left open through negligence. Although Constantine's advisers wanted him to withdraw to the Morea, he chose to remain with his city. And so he vanishes, literally, from history, his body never found. "The last Christian Emperor standing in the breach," as Sir Steven records it, "abandoned by his Western allies, holding the infidel at bay till their numbers overpowered him and he died, with the Empire as his winding sheet."

It is a marvelous story, marvelously told. Sir Steven takes the traditional view that the fall of the city was indeed a great and significant event, and not merely a minor happening in some great cyclic drama. But though his view is traditional, it is hardly romantic. He reminds us that the Turks, though cruel conquerors, were sensible governors. Unlike the Roman Catholics, they did not persecute others for their religion. By submitting to the sultan the Greek Church was able to survive until the present day, while the Hellenic community, though politically enslaved, continued to maintain its identity in a way that might have proved impossible had the westerners once more "saved" Constantinople.

Much of the old Byzantine Empire accepted the rule of the sultans without protest, preferring political and economic stability to the sad and dangerous comings and goings of bankrupt despots. Particularly in Thessaly was Turkish rule welcomed, and it is at this point that one wishes that Sir Steven had gone into fuller detail. For it was at Thessalonica in the 1340's that the first recognizable class war of our era took place between aristocrats on the one hand and a well-organized Communist-minded working class on the other, while a divided but powerful middle class representing "democratic" virtues vacillated between extremes. Significantly, the Paleologi sided with the middle class, put down the revolution, and so maintained their dynasty for another century.

To read a historian like Sir Steven is to be reminded that history is a literary art quite equal to that of the novel. The historian must be a master not only of general narrative but of particular detail. He must understand human character. He must be able to describe physical action, a difficult task for any writer; and, finally, he must be, in the best sense, a moralist. Yet today the historian is not accorded the same artistic rank as the "serious" novelist. I suspect much of this is due to the high value we place on "creativity," a vague activity that somehow has got mixed up with the idea of procreation. You make something unique out of yourself, as opposed to assembling bits and pieces like Baron Frankenstein.

Yet the art of Runciman is certainly as creative as the art of the sort of novelist who tells us how his wife betrayed him with his best friend last summer. Both historian and novelist are describing actual events. Each must interpret those events in his own way. Which is of greater significance: the work of private grievance or the work of history which attempts to order fact in such a way as to show us what actually happened in the past and how what happened affects us still? Naturally, there is a place for both kinds of writing, but I consider it a sad commentary on our period that in the literary arts we tend to prefer gossip to analysis, personality to character, "creative writing," even at its worst,

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to historical writing at its best.

Happily, works like *The Fall of Constantinople 1453* continue to illuminate the present by re-creating the past. For instance, when Zoë, the niece of Constantine XI, married the Grand Prince of Moscow, the masters of the Kremlin became not only defenders of the Greek Orthodox faith but by styling themselves Caesar (Tsar) they made it plain that as Emperors of the East they must one day liberate that imperial city to the south which they regarded as their rightful capitol. And still do.

Exploring The Implausible

ANATOLE BROYARD

THE FENCING MASTER AND OTHER STORIES, by Gilbert Rogin. *Random House. $4.95.*

The *New Yorker* is a china shop that brings out the bull in its critics. Its typical short story, however, almost deserves Tom Wolfe. Someone suffers a more or less exotic or leisure-class malaise for perhaps two thousand words and the story closes with the tragic impact of a wilting boutonnière. It's possible to imagine these pieces being kept in a big refrigerator in the *New Yorker's* offices while waiting to be published. Lately, though, something has been rotting in that refrigerator, and now we have a very interesting fungus in the stories of Gilbert Rogin.

Beside helping to redeem the *New Yorker's* fiction, Rogin makes several other bad bets pay off: surrealism, the Theatre of the Absurd, the *nouvelle vague,* and the "bop prosodies" promised by Kerouac and Burroughs. This last may need explaining: instead of having the melodic line of the conventional short story, Rogin's pieces move through harmonic progressions or metaphor modulations. To put it another way, he resembles a man trying to tighten a bolt with one after another of a series of graduated wrenches. (If most of the pathos is in the wrenches, that's just part of the peculiar modernity of the stories.)

Rogin's favorite character—who is

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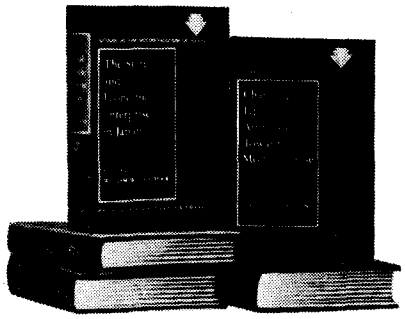

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in most of the stories—is at once a stock figure in the now familiar Herzog canon and an appealing original. Jewish, logorrheic, ambiguously virile, he is a chronic self-doubter and double-thinker. His sensuality is usually a search for something else, an obscure form of exegesis. But he is an original because his romanticism shows not the slightest sign of ever having been compromised by politics, psychoanalysis, or ideals. He dreams, for example, of escaping his mediocre life to go and walk down, or simply stand on, an admittedly uninteresting boulevard in Lisbon. A boulevard, moreover, that he has made up, that doesn't even exist.

He keeps wanting to marry girls who have condescending children by previous marriages. His description of this paradoxically desired state deserves to be quoted. He imagines himself as a shark, his wife as a remora, the hitch-hiking fish that attaches itself to the shark's belly: "He pictured them ineptly costumed, perhaps wearing pillowcases over their heads and feet . . . he sullenly dragging them both across the floor at a fancy-dress party. . . . When he bumped into someone, which happened fairly often, the rooms being crowded and his progress erratic and unsuspected, she would say, *'Excusez-moi,'* and he would say, under his breath, 'Why must you speak French?' As they regarded the other brilliant guests through ragged eye-holes, regretting that they had not come as something else, they would, from time to time, be asked by those who chanced to stumble across them—and who, furthermore, understood that at their feet was a couple in meaningful disguise—what they were supposed to be."

Some of the stories are about a father and son. Fathers being in such disrepute these days, they can only figure in serious stories as caricatures, but at least, with the worst convulsions of the oedipal revolution already behind us, the caricatures are becoming affectionate. Where fathers used to roar, they maunder now with a Chaplinesque charm. Musing over his safe-deposit box, Rogin's father lapses into French and quotes a bit of a schoolboy poem. Wistfully shoveling the snows of yesteryear, he leans on the handle and breaks your heart with free associations. Someone said of James Thurber's drawings that they capture the implausibility of animals: in the same way, Rogin captures the essential implausibility of fathers.

Because Rogin takes such long chances, not all fourteen stories succeed. And it's those that do which originally appeared in the *New Yorker*. With John Cheever's two most recent stories and the earlier, less campy efforts of Donald Barthelme, Rogin's work seems to be part of what deserves to be called a new style in the short story. So perhaps the *New Yorker* has the last laugh after all. Like a timid, rather effeminate fellow who has been taking karate lessons on his lunch hour, the *New Yorker* has suddenly overthrown the muscle-bound American avant-garde with an almost effortless flick of its wrist.

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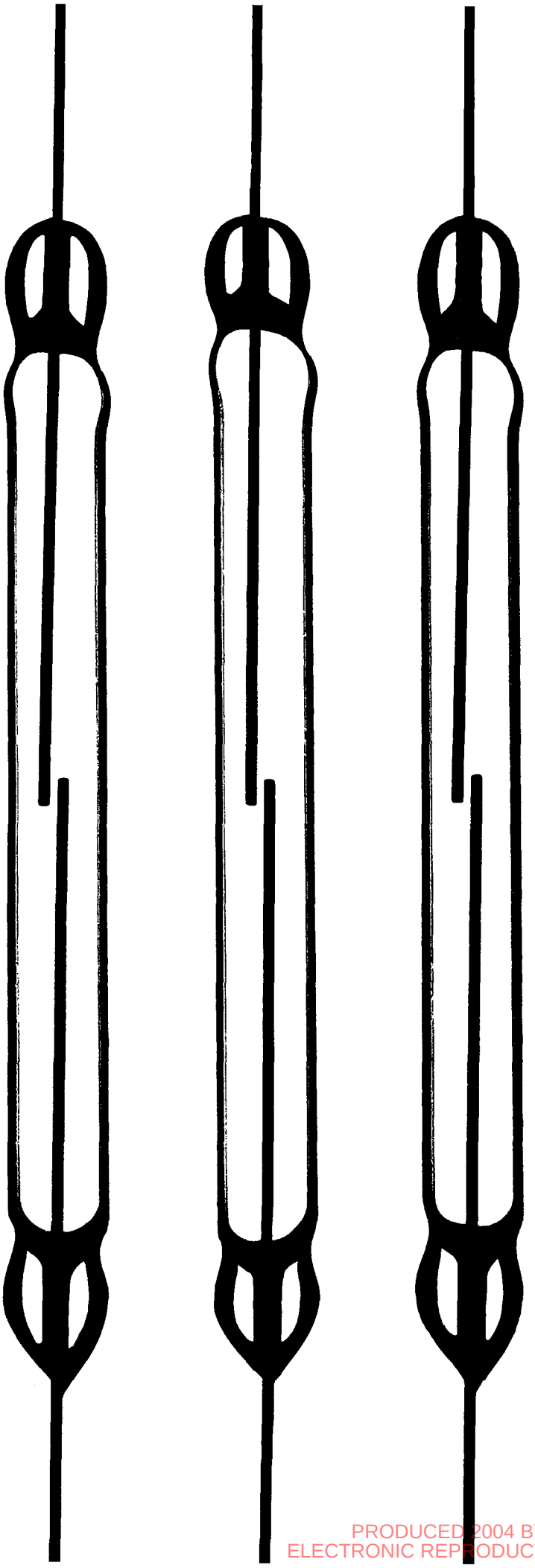

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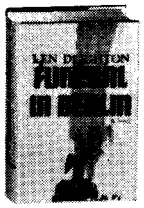

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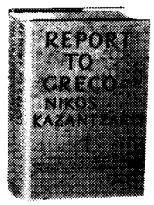

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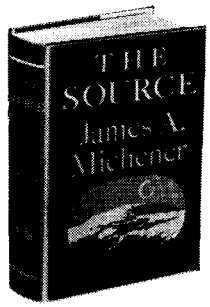

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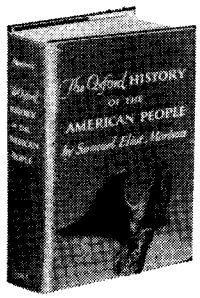

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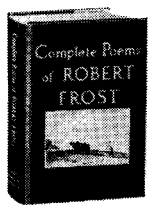

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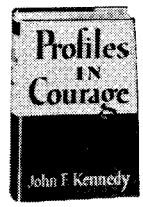

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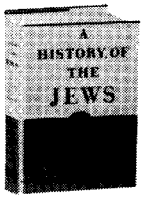

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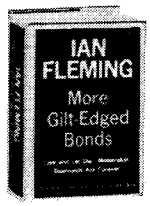

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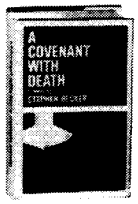

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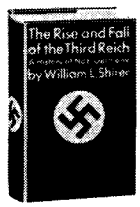

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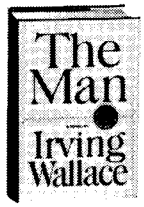
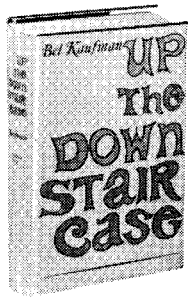


127. THE MAN *by* IRVING WALLACE. (Retail price $5.95)



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